

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## SPRING.

Spring and her surge of green, Spring  
and her song  
And punctual swallow flashing on the  
blue—  
Young Spring, the everlasting and the  
true,  
Keeps still her compact, while the new-  
born throng  
Of birds and buds awake  
With innocent hearts to take  
Her charity of life and light and joy  
anew.

What should she know, Spring of the  
silver rain,  
Spring of the rainbow on the scented  
earth,  
That in all hearts is homing haggard  
dearth,  
That our spring dew is red and leaves  
a stain,  
While, worse than Winter's hoar,  
A misbegotten war  
Freezes in bud and blade humanity's  
re-birth?

Now is Death sowing where the  
spring had planned  
Delight of daisies; woods, that might  
have held  
The gray bird's nest, a thousand guns  
have felled.  
But still the gray bird finds in Na-  
ture's hand  
A dimple for a home,  
Where death may hardly come,  
And rears her little brood unchallenged  
and unquelled.

So in the desolation let us save  
A place for Spring within our broken  
souls  
And bid her come, albeit a darkness  
rolls,  
Born of most sacred grief and one  
dear grave,  
To drown our spirit's light  
In chaos of black night,  
And blind all destinies and guiding  
stars and goals.

Then let us mirror Spring in our sad  
eyes,  
And she shall tell her saintly rede and  
say

How she, too, passes in green youth  
away;

But not before her toil and sacrifice  
Have made the summer sure  
When, glorious and pure,  
Her herald dayspring bursts into an-  
other day.

And brighter than all dawns that ever  
glowed

The boon of peace on earth again to  
give,

Steadfast as stars about the fugitive  
Sole wandering on sorrow's twilit  
road,

There shine the radiant hosts  
Of our immortal ghosts  
Who offered up their spring that all  
they loved might live.

*Eden Phillpotts.*

*The British Review.*

## FOR OLD AGE.

If I should live to know the grays of  
age,

Let me remember youth was gray as  
well,

And the dark years between in si-  
lence fell—

Yet all these ways led to an her-  
mitage.

If I must live to weakness and unrest,  
Who would have given my prime,  
but was forbid,

Let me recall the griefs in memory  
hid,

And know the evil past, the good pos-  
sessed.

If I must linger the long twilight  
through,

And the dark night, and to the  
pearly dawn,

Let me forget in that last radiant  
morn

All but the pure, the fair, the good,  
the true.

O white and shining palace of the soul,  
Ringed round with embers of out-  
worn desire,

To thee I will arise from out the  
fire,

In thee I find the imperishable goal!

*B. C. Hardy.*

*The Bookman.*

## "THE FREEDOM OF THE OCEANS": GERMANY'S NEW POLICY.

In reviewing the first year of naval war, Count Reventlow, the intimate missionary of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, declared that "the past twelve months have demonstrated that the days of absolute British supremacy are at an end." The Imperial Chancellor, on behalf of the Emperor, has also claimed that Germany is fighting, among other things, for "the freedom of the oceans." In the new issue of the North German Lloyd Company's Year-Book appears an article with the same burden. It is assumed that sea conditions will undergo, as a result of the war, "a complete transformation"; that an International Prize Court will be established as "a sort of conscience against the British acts of violence"; and that the "theory of *mare liberum* will form a whole programme of further progress in the development of International Law as soon as England's naval power has been broken down under the German arms, and, so far from being able further to hinder the advance movement of an international law at sea, she would at last become ripe for co-operating in the creation of such a sea law as would redound to the blessing of the entire world."<sup>1</sup>

In the United States there is also apparently a widespread impression among those who are generically known as pacifists as well as in pro-German and Irish-American circles that the conditions which have existed during the past hundred years at sea are likely to undergo some modification. President Eliot, of Harvard University, who has been foremost in denouncing German atrocities on land and sea, has contended recently that the day of sea control by one Power is past, and

has urged that the seas are the property of all nations, and that their free use for commerce should be guaranteed by a joint alliance of the Powers. "A strong, trustworthy, international alliance<sup>2</sup> to preserve the freedom of the seas under all circumstances," he has argued, "would secure for Great Britain and her federated commonwealths everything secured by the burdensome two navies' policy, which now secures the freedom of the seas for British purposes. The same international alliance would secure for Germany the complete freedom of the seas, which in times of peace between Great Britain and Germany she has long enjoyed by favor of Great Britain, but has lost in time of war with the Triple Entente."

Although there may be a tendency on our part to dismiss these suggestions as absurd or Utopian, it is well that the British people should recognize that, though the British Navy has more than fulfilled the hopes which resided in it on the outbreak of war, they are involved already in controversies of a serious, if not critical, character with neutral nations, and particularly with the United States, as to the extent to which British sea-power may legitimately be employed without infringing the freedom of the seas as defined by ancient precedent, regulated by the general body of the Law of Nations, and governed by international usage. In fact, the British Government is confronted with a situation which takes the mind of an historian back to the opening years of the nineteenth century. We then became parties to a controversy which was concerned with the freedom of

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium.

<sup>2</sup> "Kölische Zeitung."

the seas, and that controversy led to one of the most deplorable and unnecessary wars in the world's history.

The two principal immediate causes of the war of 1812 were the impressment of seamen (alleged to be deserters from the British service) from American merchant ships upon the high seas to serve in the British Navy, and the interference with the carrying trade of the United States by the naval power of Great Britain.<sup>3</sup> The British action rested on a series of Orders in Council, which were passed by way of reprisal against the action of Napoleon, and the British Government claimed to find justification for the course which it adopted in the illegalities practised by the French Dictator. The controversy with the United States dragged on for many months. The American authorities were continually spurred on to an energetic defence of the freedom of the seas and the rights of American traders by merchants who were suffering heavy losses and by unfriendly agents. There were no telegraphs in those days, and communication between the two countries was slow. On June 18th a Bill authorizing a declaration of war, which had already passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, received the signature of the President. Five days later the British Government, unaware of the decisive action which had already been taken on the other side of the Atlantic, repealed the Orders in Council which were the main cause of the rupture. In these circumstances hostilities opened. The bone of contention had already been buried, and yet for two and a half years the United States and Great Britain fought over it. And the result? The Treaty of Ghent, which was signed on December 24th, 1814, left unsettled the main points of dispute. Thus closed one of

the tragedies of history, leaving the doctrine of the freedom of the seas practically where it was before hostilities began. Now, after an interval of over a hundred years, we are again engaged in war, and we are once more involved in a controversy with the United States as to the interpretation of this ancient doctrine, and associated difficulties connected with the application of international law.

There was a time, as Professor Oppenheim<sup>4</sup> records, when there was no such doctrine as that of freedom of the open sea. Antoninus declared that, "being the emperor of the world, I am consequently the Lord of the Sea," and each successive emperor of the old German Empire claimed to be "king of the ocean." Towards the second half of the middle ages specific claims were made to sovereignty over various parts of the open sea. Thus, "the Republic of Venice was recognized as the Sovereign over the Adriatic Sea, and the Republic of Genoa as the Sovereign of the Ligurian Sea. Portugal claimed sovereignty over the whole of the Indian Ocean and of the Atlantic south of Morocco, Spain over the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, both Portugal and Spain basing their claims on two Papal Bulls promulgated by Alexander VI. in 1493, which divided the new world between these Powers. Sweden and Denmark claimed sovereignty over the Baltic, Great Britain over the Narrow Seas, the North Sea, and the Atlantic from North Cape to Cape Finisterre." Claims of this character were more or less successfully asserted for several hundreds of years. "They were favored by a number of different circumstances, such as the maintenance of an effective protection against piracy, for instance. And numerous examples can be adduced which show

<sup>3</sup> "Sea Power in its Relation to the War of 1812" (Mahan).

<sup>4</sup> "International Law," Vol. I., "Peace." By Professor L. F. L. Oppenheim, Whewell Professor of International Law, Cambridge University.

that such claims have more or less been recognized. Thus, Frederick III., Emperor of Germany, had in 1478 to ask the permission of Venice for a transportation of corn from Apulia through the Adriatic Sea. Thus, Great Britain, in the seventeenth century, compelled foreigners to take out an English license for fishing in the North Sea; and when in 1636 the Dutch attempted to fish without such license, they were attacked and compelled to pay £30,000 as the price for the indulgence. Again, when Philip II. of Spain was, in 1554, on his way to marry Queen Mary, the British Admiral, who met him in the 'British Seas,' fired on his ship for flying the Spanish flag. And the King of Denmark, when returning from a visit to James I. in 1606, was forced by a British captain, who met him off the mouth of the Thames, to strike the Danish flag."

Maritime sovereignty, Dr. Oppenheim adds, found expression in maritime ceremonials at least. "Such State as claimed sovereignty over a part of the open sea required foreign vessels navigating on that part to honor its flag as a symbol of recognition of its sovereignty." Even as late as 1805 the Regulations of the British Admiralty contained an order that "when any of His Majesty's ships shall meet with the ships of any foreign Power within His Majesty's seas (which extend to Cape Finisterre), it is expected that the said foreign ships do strike their topsail and take in their flag, in acknowledgment of His Majesty's sovereignty in those seas; and if any do resist, all flag officers and commanders are to use their utmost endeavors to compel them thereto, and not to suffer any dishonor to be done to His Majesty."

Down to a comparatively recent date certain Powers not merely asserted their sovereign rights over specific areas of water, but they levied

toll on foreign shipping. The entrance to the Baltic is a case in point. Down to 1857 Denmark refused to permit foreign vessels passage through the two Belts and the Sound without payment of a toll. During preceding centuries the Danish right had not been opposed. Denmark, apart from the commercial and financial advantages which she obtained, had an interest in maintaining the rule, since she, in common with Sweden, was anxious to prevent the Baltic becoming the scene of naval activity on the part of Powers which did not possess territory washed by the Baltic; in short, Denmark then desired the Baltic to be treated as a *mare clausum*, just as Germany did on the eve of the present war, regarding the presence of British men-of-war in those waters, except with her consent, as an affront to her arrogant claims. But in 1857, when the principle of the open sea<sup>5</sup> had received world-wide recognition, Denmark gave way under the Treaty of Copenhagen, and the Sound dues were abolished, the Danish rights being purchased by the maritime Powers of Europe; and in the same year the United States concluded a similar arrangement with Denmark, paying an indemnity for the future free passage of vessels carrying the American flag.

<sup>5</sup> "The Open Sea or High Seas is a coherent body of salt water all over the greater part of the globe, with the exception of the maritime belt and the territorial straits, gulfs, and bays, which are parts of the sea, but not parts of the Open Sea. Wherever there is a salt-water sea on the globe, it is part of the Open Sea, provided it is not isolated from, but coherent with, the general body of salt water extending over the globe, and provided that the salt water approach to it is navigable and open to vessels of all nations. The enclosure of a sea by the land of one and the same State does not matter, provided such a navigable connection of salt water as is open to vessels of all nations exists between such sea and the general body of salt water, even if that navigable connection itself be part of the territory of one or more littoral States. Whereas, therefore, the Dead Sea is Turkish and the Aral Sea is Russian territory, the Sea of Marmora is part of the Open Sea, although it is surrounded by Turkish land, and although the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles are Turkish territorial straits, because these are now open to merchantmen of all nations. For the same reason the Black Sea is now part of the Open Sea."—"International Law," Vol. I., "Peace," p. 321.

Another case of recent restrictive claims arose in connection with the Alaskan coast. In 1821 Russia, as the owner of Alaska, prohibited foreign ships approaching the shore, but abandoned her assumed rights a few years later in face of a determined protest on the part of Great Britain and the United States. In 1867 the United States purchased this territory from Russia, the transaction being followed by the adoption of exclusive regulations with reference to the killing of seals in the Behring Sea, which was so evidently part of the open sea. It was not, however, until 1893 that the matter was settled, the British claim of freedom being upheld as the result of arbitration. Many other illustrations could be quoted, all showing that from time to time in the past most maritime Powers have endeavored to restrict certain areas of the open sea for the exclusive benefit of their own traders or fishermen. These claims are now things of the past, even Turkey's exclusive rights in the Dardanelles having been abrogated under pressure.

For many years past the doctrine of the freedom of the seas has been universally accepted. The world owes the initiation of this beneficent movement in no small measure to the determined opposition offered by Queen Elizabeth to the claims over the Indian Ocean and Pacific which were advanced by Portugal and Spain. In 1680 the Spanish Ambassador protested against Drake's invasion of the Pacific. The English Queen was willing to sacrifice nothing of her pretensions in the Narrow Seas, but she urged that "all nations could navigate on the Pacific since the use of the sea and the air is common to all and that no title to the ocean can belong to any nation, since neither nature nor regard for the public use permits any possession of the ocean." There was a funda-

mental distinction between the Spanish and Portuguese claims, which were exclusive and restrictive, and those on which Queen Elizabeth insisted, which were mainly ceremonial. "For England had never pushed her claim so far as to attempt the prohibition of free navigation on the so-called British seas," whereas Spain and Portugal, after the discovery of America, attempted "to keep foreign vessels altogether out of the seas over which they claimed sovereignty."

The setting up of the doctrine of the freedom of the seas was not intended to culminate in anarchy on the seas, although for a long period piracy and brigandage interfered with free navigation until, mainly owing to the action of the British Fleet, they were put down. The doctrine laid it down that on the open sea, as defined by Professor Oppenheim, no one State, but all the States of the world share in the responsibility of maintaining order. "If the law of nations were to content itself with the rule which excludes the open sea from possible State property, the consequence would be a condition of lawlessness and anarchy on the open sea. To obviate such lawlessness customary international law contains some rules which guarantee a certain legal order on the open sea in spite of the fact that it is not the territory of any State."

All the nations of the world give their adhesion to certain specific regulations which are of general application, and these regulations Dr. Oppenheim has defined in succinct language: First, that every State which has a maritime flag must lay down rules according to which vessels can claim to sail under its flag, and must furnish such vessels with some official voucher authorizing them to make use of its flag; secondly, that every State has a right to punish all such foreign vessels as sail under its flag without being

authorized to do so; thirdly, that all vessels with their persons and goods are, whilst on the open sea, considered under the sway of the flag State; fourthly, that every State has a right to punish piracy on the open sea, even if committed by foreigners, and that, with a view to the extinction of piracy, men-of-war of all nations can require all suspect vessels to show their flag.

These laws of nations are supplemented by the municipal regulations of individual States, which bear a close resemblance, and, in addition, there is a body of international law which governs the conduct of belligerents and neutrals in time of war. It is with reference to the latter that controversy has arisen owing to the action of the British and German Navies.

In his last Note to the German Government Dr. Wilson remarked that "The Government of the United States and the Imperial German Government . . . are both contending for the freedom of the seas." "The Government of the United States," it was added, "will continue to contend for that freedom, from whatever quarter it is violated, without compromise and at any cost."

The statement that the United States and Germany "are both contending for the freedom of the seas" is open to misconstruction. Germany never has been the champion of this principle in the sense that we and the Americans have supported it. She has aspired to a dominion over the world's seas as the foundation of a Greater Germany and a world domination. In the early years of his reign the German Emperor declared: "I will never rest until I have raised my Navy to a position similar to that occupied by my Army." On another occasion he remarked: "Our future lies on the water." He embodied his ultimate ambition in the phrase: "The trident must be in our fist"; and he even had the arrogance, in a famous telegram, to describe him-

self as "The Admiral of the Atlantic." The basis of the German Navy Act of 1900 was the intention that the German Fleet should become a "mailed fist," not merely in northern waters, but in every ocean of the world. It was announced that "To protect Germany's sea trade and colonies in the existing circumstances there is only one means—Germany must have a battle fleet so strong that even for the adversary with the greatest sea-power a war against it would involve such dangers as to imperil his position in the world." Secondly, great importance was attached to the creation of foreign service fleets, "the representatives of the German defence forces" on which "the task often falls . . . of gathering in the fruit which the maritime potency created for the Empire by the Home Battle Fleet has permitted to ripen." It was the ambition of the German Emperor and his advisers to dominate every sea of the world. The foreign service ships, which were to have included eight Dreadnoughts, were to act as the advance guards of the Navy concentrated in the Baltic or the North Sea, and consisting of 53 Dreadnoughts, supported by 30 cruisers, 144 torpedo-boat destroyers, and 72 submarines. Germany aspired to a Navy larger than any State had ever possessed in the past, and in organizing that Navy she recognized that the seas were all one and that the power represented in normal conditions in northern waters was one which would give insistent potency to her diplomacy in every quarter of the globe. To Germany the freedom of the seas meant domination by her Navy to the exclusion of the rights of others. The naval ambitions of our enemy of to-day are to be traced in official and unofficial publications, and they find their expression to-day in the denial of the dictates of humanity by the policy of submarine piracy.

Since the war opened enemy agents, not only in the United States, but in other countries, have endeavored to prejudice neutral observers by conjuring up an entirely false picture of "British navalism" as though it were in any way comparable to "Prussian militarism." It is not for us to boast of the beneficent influence which British sea-power has exercised throughout the world during past centuries. We possess, fortunately, an impartial witness in the late Admiral Mahan, who, a few years ago, contributed an article to the *Scientific American*, in which he reviewed the recent development of the policy of the United States, and then passed on to general considerations which are our immediate interest:—

"Why do English innate political conceptions of popular representative government, of the balance of law and liberty, prevail in North America from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Because the command of the sea at the decisive era belonged to Great Britain.

"In India and Egypt administrative efficiency has taken the place of a welter of tyranny, feudal struggle, and bloodshed, achieving thereby the comparative welfare of the once harried populations. What underlies this administrative efficiency? The British Navy, assuring in the first instance British control instead of French and thereafter communication with the home country, whence the local power, without which administration everywhere is futile.

"What, at the moment the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed, insured beyond peradventure the immunity from foreign oppression of the Spanish-American colonies in their struggle for independence? The command of the sea by Great Britain, backed by the feeble navy but imposing strategic position of the United States, with her swarm of potential commerce-destroyers, which a decade before had harassed the trade of even the mistress of the seas."

If British sea-power has, as we are told, conferred these blessings upon the world, the benefits which it has secured to us in these islands—and may it not also be added to Europe generally?—are even more conspicuous. This particular thesis is one the importance of which is only too frequently overlooked. The influence of sea-power upon a people left a deep impression upon German students of world's history and development when they first began to interpret history in the terms of *Weltpolitik*. Many years ago Friedrich List reminded his fellow-countrymen that "a nation without navigation is a bird without wings, a fish without fins, a toothless lion, a stag on crutches, a knight with a wooden sword, a helot and slave among mankind." Another German writer—Ratzel—declared that "out of the infinite horizon there grows in the mind and character of sea-faring people a strong tendency towards boldness, fortitude, and long-sightedness. Seafaring nations have materially contributed to the enlargement and heightening of the political standard. To them narrow territorial politics appear but short-sighted policy. The wide open sea serves to enlarge the views of both merchants and statesmen. The sea alone can produce truly great Powers." The people of the British Isles owe all that they have, and are, to their association with the sea. The Empire as we know it to-day is the fruit of sea-power. Our political institutions represent among us the freedom of the seas. It is impossible to exaggerate the influence which sea-power has exercised on our relations with the outside world.

Englishmen, using the term in its broadest sense, have never adequately appreciated the influence which they have had on the course of history during the past three hundred years, because of their association with the sea.

In virtue of its area the United Kingdom should rank with, but after, Norway. It is about half the size of the Dual Monarchy, smaller by nearly 74,000 square miles than Spain, and exceeded in size by Sweden by over 50,000 square miles. It is a little more than one-eighth the size of Turkey, and the United States is nearly thirty times as large. The United Kingdom is, and has always been, regarded by one or other of the European Powers antagonized against it for the moment as a pretentious absurdity. Why, it has frequently been asked, should the people inhabiting so small a territory exercise a sway over nearly one-quarter of the earth's surface? German professors attributed the fact to luck and a low form of cunning: they compared the British Empire to a badly cemented piece of mosaic which would fall apart at the first serious crisis. "What is the sense," Dehn once remarked, "of this seizure of hundreds of islands and thousands of territories in all quarters of the globe? There is no land- or sea-power capable of maintaining for ever such a system of occupation. A good shove and the ill-joined mosaic falls into ruins." That was the confident anticipation of students of history who failed to realize that the British Empire, in its mode of expansion, and in its development, is the expression on the part of a seafaring people of the sea instinct. In order to trade we had to navigate the world's seas, and in navigating the world's seas we acquired commercial interests and territorial interests which we were compelled to protect by force.

It has been said that the British Empire was created in absence of mind. In a sense that is true, but only in the sense that the average healthy man eats in absence of mind. It is natural to him to sit down periodically to his meals; and from the period when the

English people, in the Elizabethan period, realized the close dependence of their future on the seas, they struck outward, now in this direction and now in that, without any intention of founding a world-empire, but merely because as sailors they required greater freedom of movement. As an inevitable consequence of this mode of expansion, this search for greater freedom, they have planted throughout the British Dominions and dependencies those free institutions, the secret of which they drew from the sea. As Mr. Balfour remarked the other day, "When universal history comes to be written, it will be recognized that in the development of free institutions, and the civilization which depends upon free institutions, England has not merely set an example at home by her political action within her own limits, not only shown an example of what constitutional freedom is in those great dominions which are the glory and the security and the greatness of the Empire, but has ministered to and protected that freedom, and the freedom of all the world, by the fact that she possessed, and prevented great military Powers from possessing, that dominance at sea which in their hands would have been and could have been only an instrument of international tyranny." We are what we are because we have the sea instinct in our blood, and for that reason we are formidable as a military Power, though in normal times we possess one of the smallest armies in the world.

Which of all the peoples of the world saved Europe a century ago? An impartial observer and an alien, though a friendly alien, has stated that "Nelson's storm-tossed ships, on which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the Empire of the World." What other people, encompassed by the sea and assured of security against attack so long as they maintained their

sea defences, would have had the long sight to send an army into the Peninsula and to fight the battle of Waterloo? What other people, having won command of the sea on August 3rd, 1914, would, within three days, have begun sending forth their sons across the Channel to fight on the battlefields of France? No such course was adopted forty-five years ago. Prussia had then defeated Denmark and Austria, and threatened to secure the domination of the Continent; and yet the British people stood aside, became mere spectators of events, as the Prussian Army surged across the frontier into France and eventually besieged Paris, the Emperor of the new and united German Empire receiving his Imperial crown within the precincts of the Palace of Versailles.

What is the explanation of the contrast offered by the events of 1870 and those of 1914? It is to be found in the Navy Estimates of the former period. The British people had for the moment lost the sea instinct; it had been overlaid. The Navy was neglected; it was not realized that on sea command our all depended. The political eye was focussed on the United Kingdom. The British people were content to keep free from the current of the world's history and rather hoped that their Colonies would, in due course, drop off the mother-stem like over-ripe fruit, thus removing a series of embarrassing burdens. If at any period of our history we were shopkeepers with petty ideals and clouded vision, that was our state when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. We dared not to hazard our prosperity and our comfort, although clear-sighted contemporary observers already realized that the seeds were then being sown of a war-like upheaval which would convulse Europe and place the world in the crucible.

When the crisis came in August of last year we had regained possession of our sea instinct. We were able to see beneath the mere appearances of contemporary happenings and to realize that our fortunes, as well as those of Belgium, France, and Russia, and the cause of civilization, were involved in the coming struggle. The First Lord of the Admiralty used no words of exaggeration recently when he stated that "You might search the records of history in vain to find a more critical decision taken by any governors of men so far as the future of humanity was concerned. It was a critical moment in civilization, and the decision taken by the Government of this country at that time, in my judgment, saved civilization." We proved when the crisis came in the summer of 1914 that we were no unworthy descendants of "the immemorial champions of freedom."

The die having been cast, what other country, enjoying a sense of complete, if only immediate, safety, having the ability to command the world's seas, and possessing only a small army for Imperial purposes, would have determined to call on its manhood to help wage battle across the Channel, where it never hoped to possess a square mile of territory? But that is not the only cause of pride. What other nation, embarked on so splendid an adventure in the cause of civilization and realizing that it would test to the uttermost its manhood, its financial strength, and industrial powers, would have stretched out its long arm to the Gallipoli Peninsula? A people who did not possess the sea instinct might well have been content to remain neutral or at most to command the ocean communications of the world in the interests of the Allies and profess itself unable to lend military assistance. Viewing the situation broadly and with far-sight, we are,

hardly more concerned with the issue of the struggle between the armies on the Continent than Japan and the United States, and yet our casualties in successive battles already represent twice the strength of our original Expeditionary Force. The sea instinct and all that it connotes led us to confront the Germans on the soil of the French Republic, and the same instinct suggested the expedition to the Dardanelles. There is no nation in the world which so persistently depreciates its own efforts. On the other hand, there is no nation which makes such colossal efforts. We have been told over and over again that we are not a military people. In truth we are probably the greatest military people, because we possess strategic ideas which are wide as the sea and deep as the sea; above all, because we are a seafaring people, we have capacity for improvisation for the purposes of war which are unparalleled elsewhere. In virtue of the freedom of the seas and of our ability to command the seas, we are what we are and we are doing what we are doing.

But we are now confronted once more with the century-old controversy as to our right to command the sea in time of war against our enemies. A widespread and insidious effort is being made by German agents to undermine the influence which we exercise in virtue of our fleet. It is not, let it be noted, supreme against the world, but supreme against any probable combination of foes. In other words, as our history has illustrated, we exercise sea command, even in war time, only so long as we exercise it in accordance with the general sense of justice entertained by neutral and friendly Powers. The German campaign against what is described as "British navalism" is peculiarly dangerous, because it makes an appeal to sentiment and passivism. We have an illustration of

this tendency in the speech delivered on January 9th at the Republican Club, New York, by Herr Dernburg. He told his hearers:—

"The whole fight, and all the fight, is on one side for the absolute dominion of the seven seas: on the other side for a free sea—the traditional *mare liberum*. A free sea will mean the cessation of the danger of war and the stopping of world wars. The sea should be free to all. It belongs to no nation in particular—neither to the British nor to the Germans, nor to the Americans. The rights of nations cease with the territorial line of three miles from low tide. Any domination exercised beyond that line is a breach and an infringement of the rights of others.

"To prevent wars in future we must establish that the five seas shall be plied exclusively by the merchant ships of all nations. Within their territory people have the right to take such measures as they deem necessary for their defence, but the sending of troops and war machines into the territory of others, or into neutralized parts of the world,<sup>6</sup> must be declared a *casus belli*. The other alternative would be to forbid the high seas to the men-of-war of any nation whatsoever, to relegate them to territorial waters, and to permit only such small cruisers as are necessary to avoid privateering. If that be done, the world as divided now would come to permanent peace."<sup>7</sup>

The attraction which this proposal has exercised, at any rate in the United States, is to be seen in the suggestion made by President Eliot, which has already been quoted.

It will be noted that Herr Dernburg's ideas are diametrically opposed to those expressed by the German Emperor when he was promoting the naval movement in Germany. Then Germany was determined that the trident should be in her hands; now, since, in spite of all her efforts, she has failed in

<sup>6</sup> Cf. the invasion of Belgium.

<sup>7</sup> "Times," July 11th, 1915.

her ambition, it is demanded that the trident shall be abolished. "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be." What would be the consequence of such action as the German Emperor and his agents recommend? Presuming that President Eliot's benevolent idea of a "freedom of the sea" alliance could be carried out, what guarantee would there be that any one of the signatory Powers would not secretly construct battleships or cruisers or submarines with a range action of 3,000 to 6,000 miles? The present war has shown that, with precautions, large numbers of submarines can be constructed without the fact coming to the knowledge of other nations. In the conditions which President Eliot regards as ideal, a very small naval effort on the part of one aggressive Power would be sufficient to secure command of the seas, since no other Power, actuated by honest intentions, would possess the ability to defend its sea-borne interests. The obvious result of such an alliance, if effective, would be a discontinuance of the construction of warships and the organization and training of personnel by all honest Powers of the world. There would be no navies worthy of the name, for the main purpose for which navies exist would have been abolished. And once navies had been disestablished, they could not be rapidly called into being again. The result would be that the command of the sea would pass automatically to the nation possessing the greatest ability for organization in secrecy. Can there be any doubt, after twelve months of war on sea and on land, which country would possess the advantage of initiative in such conditions? President Eliot's conception of the freedom of the seas would provide the ideal conditions in which Germany would be able to secure the dominion of the seas.

These reflections do not exhaust the considerations which this new interpretation of the freedom of the seas suggests. There is a widespread impression that a country which is surrounded by the seas is *ipso facto* provided with an adequate defence. Water is not a defence, but a menace, in the absence of the military power which it can carry under this or that flag. Owing to the development of steam, invasion by sea is, in the absence of naval power, easier than invasion by land. During the present war there is no reason why, had it not been for the British Fleet, Great Britain should not have shared the fate of Belgium. It would have been easier for Germany, with her vast mercantile marine, to embark troops at her North Sea ports and convey them across uncommanded waters to specified points on the British coast than it was for her to batter down the fortifications that had been erected for the defence of Belgian neutrality. An army can travel by sea, in the absence of opposing naval force, more easily than it can travel by land, and far more swiftly. An army on land can move, with all its services and over a long distance, only a few miles in twenty-four hours; the army of a country possessing a large mercantile marine, such as Germany, can travel in the same period from two to three hundred miles.

Germany has everything to gain by recommending to the world the new doctrine of the freedom of the seas, because she is to-day—and hopes to continue to be to-morrow—the greatest of all military Powers. So long as the existing conditions at sea continue her army is imprisoned; it cannot move beyond the confines of the Continent which, for decades past, she has found too narrow for her ambitions. If once she could prevail upon the peoples of the world to agree to her

conception of the "freedom of the seas," as expounded by Herr Dernburg and Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg, or even the alternative scheme advocated by President Eliot, then, indeed, world domination would no longer be merely an idle dream. "No storm-tossed ships" would then stand between her and the attainment of "the Empire of the World." The master Power on land would then automatically become mistress on the sea.

But if we dismiss, as we may dismiss, the German suggestion of the freedom of the seas, we shall do well to honor by our acts at sea the broadly defined doctrine which has received endorsement by the great civilized maritime nations of the world. It is to our permanent interest to do nothing in limitation of the influence of that doctrine, because the very existence of the Empire depends on its perpetuation. We are at war to-day, fighting not only in defence of British interests, but in defence of the world's freedom, and it would ill become us to offend against the cause of freedom at sea. To-morrow we may be in a neutral position while war is in progress between other Powers. The precedents which we establish to-day may then be quoted against us to our detriment. We offer for attack a vast target—our oversea dominions, half the mercantile shipping of the world, and an ocean-borne commerce which is the very life-blood of the Empire. Lord Stowell, on one occasion, made a declaration of wide implication. "In forming . . . judgment," he said, "I trust that it has not escaped my anxious recollection for one moment what it is that the duty of my station calls for from me; namely, to consider myself as stationed here, not to deliver occasional and shifting opinions to serve present purposes of particular national interest, but to administer with indifference that justice which

the law of nations holds out without distinction to independent States, some happening to be neutral and some to be belligerent. The seat of judicial authority is, indeed, locally here, in the belligerent country, according to the known law and practice of nations, but the law itself has no locality. It is the duty of the person who sits here to determine this question exactly as he would determine the same question if sitting at Stockholm; to assert no pretensions on the part of Great Britain which he would not allow to Sweden in the same circumstances, and to impose no duties on Sweden, as a neutral country, which he would not admit to belong to Great Britain in the same character."

These words embodied not only the policy of honesty, but the policy which in the long run pays best. Let us use our sea power to the full extent that is permitted by the generally accepted interpretation of international law as adapted to the conditions which confront us. But at the same time, even at some temporary inconvenience, let us be on our guard against committing acts even savoring of illegality or injustice. A temporary advantage may prove a permanent embarrassment. We are not less the champions of the freedom of the seas than we are the immemorial champions of freedom on land. If the war should close leaving on the minds of neutral observers an impression that "British navalism" is in any sense the equivalent at sea of "Prussian militarism," grave injury will have been inflicted on the future of the British Empire, and the war will leave as a legacy seeds which may produce a renewed and fierce and it may be, to us, disastrous, competition for naval power. Our claims to naval superiority at sea rest on the boast that we are, in our normal state, an unarmed and peaceful people, possessing in proportion to our wealth and po-

sition in the world the smallest army of any of the Great Powers. We can never make a war of aggression, because our military force is necessarily of slow development." As Mr. Balfour once observed, "Without any fleet at all, Germany would remain the greatest Power in Europe; it is our case that without a fleet the British Empire could not exist."

It would be a calamity if, by any act, we gave the world the impression that our naval power resembles in its

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expression and results Germany's military power, or that we intend to imitate Germany's policy, when she hoped to be supreme on sea as well as on land. Our case at the judgment-seat of history rests on the fact that our fleet is the life-line of a maritime Empire, that it defends the freedom of the seas for us and for all law-abiding Powers, and that behind it stands no great standing Army to which it can give safe and rapid transport on any errand of aggression.

Archibald Hurd.

### A CONVERT TO CONSCRIPTION.

*" . . . have maintained and consolidated our position in the captured trench."—EXTRACT FROM OFFICIAL DESPATCH.*

Number nine two ought three six, Sapper Duffy, J. A., Section, Southland Company, Royal Engineers, had been before the war plain Jim Duffy, laborer, and as such had been an ardent anti-militarist, anti-conscriptionist, and anti-everything else his labor leaders and agitators told him. His anti-militarist beliefs were sunk soon after the beginning of the war, and there is almost a complete story itself in the tale of their sinking, weighted first by a girl, who looked ahead no further than the pleasure of walking out with a khaki uniform, and finally plunged into the deeps of the Army by the gibe of a stauncher anti-militarist during a heated argument that, "if he believed now in fighting, why didn't he go'n fight himself?" But even after his enlistment he remained true to his beliefs in voluntary service, and the account of his conversion to the principles of Conscription—no half-and-half measures of "military training" or rifle clubs or hybrid arrangements of that sort, but out-and-out Conscription—may be more interesting, as it certainly

is more typical of the conversion of more thousands of members of the Serving Forces than will ever be known—until those same thousands return to their civilian lives and the holding of their civilian votes.

By nightfall the captured trench—well, it was only a courtesy title to call it a trench. Previous to the assault the British guns had knocked it about a good deal, bombs and grenades had helped further to disrupt it in the attacks and counter-attacks during the day, and finally, after it was captured and held, the enemy had shelled and high-explosived it out of any likeness to a real trench. But the infantry had clung throughout the day to the ruins, had beaten off several strong counter-attacks, and in the intervals had done what they could to dig themselves more securely in and re-pile some heaps of sandbags from the shattered parapet on the trench's new front. The casualties had been heavy, and since there was no passage from the front British trench to the captured portion of the German except across the open of the "neutral" ground, most of the wounded and all the killed had had to remain under

such cover as could be found in the wrecked trench. The position of the unwounded was bad enough and unpleasant enough, but it was a great deal worse for the wounded. A bad wound damages mentally as well as physically. The "casualty" is out of the fight, has had a first field dressing placed on his wound, has been set on one side to be removed at the first opportunity to the Dressing Station and the rear. He can do nothing more to protect himself or take such cover as offers. He is in the hands of the stretcher-bearers and must submit to be moved when and where they think fit. And in this case the casualties did not even have the satisfaction of knowing that every minute that passed meant a minute further from the danger zone, a minute nearer to safety and to the doctors, and the hospitals' hope of healing. Here they had to lie throughout the long day, hearing the shriek of each approaching shell, waiting for the crash of its fall, wondering each time if *this* one, the rush of its approach rising louder and louder to an appalling screech, was going to be the finish—a "direct hit." Many of the wounded were wounded again or killed as they lay, and from others the strength and the life had drained slowly out before nightfall. But now that darkness had come the casualties moved out and the supports moved in. From what had been the German second trench, and on this portion of front was now their forward one, lights were continually going up and bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire were coming; and an occasional shell still whooped up and burst over or behind the captured trench. This meant that the men—supports, and food and water carriers, and stretcher-bearers—were under a dangerous fire even at night in crossing the old "neutral ground," and it meant that one of the first jobs absolutely

necessary to the holding of the captured trench was the making of a connecting path more or less safe for moving men, ammunition, and food by night or day.

This, then, was the position of affairs when a section of the Southland Company of Engineers came up to take a hand, and this communication trench was the task that Sapper Duffy, J., found himself set to work on. Personally Sapper Duffy knew nothing of and cared less for the tactical situation. All he knew or cared about was that he had done a longish march up from the rear the night before, that he had put in a hard day's work carrying up bags of sandbags and rolls of barbed wire from the carts to the trenches, and that here before him was another night's hard labor, to say nothing of the prospect of being drilled by a rifle bullet or mangled by a shell. All the information given him and his Section by their Section officer was that they were to dig a communication trench, that it must be completed before morning, that as long as they were above-ground they would probably be under a nasty fire, and that therefore the sooner they dug themselves down under cover the better it would be for the job and for all concerned. "A" Section removed its equipment and tunics and moved out on to the neutral ground in its shirt-sleeves, shivering at first in the raw cold and at the touch of the drizzling rain, but knowing that the work would very soon warm them beyond need of hampering clothes. In the ordinary course digging a trench under fire is done more or less under cover by sapping—digging the first part in a covered spot, standing in the deep hole, cutting down the "face" and gradually burrowing a way across the danger zone. The advantage of this method is that the workers keep digging their way forward while all the time they are below ground and in the

safety of the sap they dig. The disadvantage is that the narrow trench only allows one or two men to get at its end or "face" to dig, and the work consequently takes time. Here it was urgent that the work be completed that night, because it was very certain that as soon as its whereabouts was disclosed by daylight it would be subjected to a fire too severe to allow any party to work, even if the necessary passage of men to and fro would leave any room for a working party. The digging therefore had to be done down from the surface, and the diggers, until they had sunk themselves into safety had to stand and work fully exposed to the bullets that whined and hissed across from the enemy trenches.

A zigzag line had been laid down to mark the track of the trench, and Sapper Duffy was placed by his Sergeant on this line and told briefly to "get on with it." Sapper Duffy spat on his hands, placed his spade on the exact indicated spot, drove it down, and began to dig at a rate that was apparently leisurely but actually was methodical and nicely calculated to a speed that could be long and unbrokenly sustained. During the first minute many bullets whistled and sang past, and Sapper Duffy took no notice. A couple went "whutt" past his ear, and he swore and slightly increased his working speed. When a bullet whistles or sings past it is a comfortable distance clear; when it goes "hiss" or "swish" it is too close for safety; and when it says "whutt" very sharply and viciously it is merely a matter of being a few inches out either way. Sapper Duffy had learned all this by full experience, and now the number of "whutts" he heard gave him a very clear understanding of the dangers of this particular job. He was the furthest out man of the line. On his left hand he could just distinguish the dim figure of another digger,

stooping and straightening, stooping and straightening with the rhythm and regularity of a machine. On his right hand was empty darkness, lit up every now and then by the glow of a flare-light showing indistinctly through the drizzling rain. Out of the darkness, or looming big against the misty light, figures came and went stumbling and slipping in the mud—stretcher-bearers carrying or supporting the wounded, a ration-party staggering under boxes balanced on shoulders, a strung-out line of supports stooped and trying to move quietly, men in double files linked together by swinging ammunition boxes. All these things Private Duffy saw out of the tail of his eye, and without stopping or slackening the pace of his digging. He fell unconsciously to timing his movements to those of the other man, and for a time the machine became a twin-engine working beat for beat—thrust, stoop, straighten, heave; thrust, stoop, straighten, heave. Then a bullet said the indescribable word that means "hit" and Duffy found that the other half of the machine had stopped suddenly and collapsed in a little heap. Somewhere along the line a voice called softly "Stretcher-bearers," and almost on the word two men and a stretcher materialized out of the darkness and a third was stooping over the broken machine. "He's gone," said the third man after a pause. "Lift him clear." The two men dropped the stretcher, stooped and fumbled, lifted the limp figure, laid it down a few yards away from the line, and vanished in the direction of another call. Sapper Duffy was alone with his spade and a foot-deep square hole—and the hissing bullets. The thoughts of the dead man so close beside him disturbed him vaguely, although he had never given a thought to the scores of dead he had seen behind the trench and that he knew were scattered thick over the "neutral

ground" where they had fallen in the first charge. But this man had been one of his own Company and his own Section—it was different about him somehow. But of course Sapper Duffy knew that the dead must at times lie where they fall, because the living must always come before the dead, especially while there are many more wounded than there are stretchers or stretcher-bearers. But all the same he didn't like poor old "Jigger" Adams being left there—didn't see how he could go home and face old "Jigger's missus" and tell her he'd come away and left "Jigger" lying in the mud of a mangel-wurzel field. Blest if he wouldn't have a try when they were going to give Jigger a lift back. A line of men, shirt-sleeved like himself and carrying spades in their hands, moved out past him. An officer led them, and another with Sapper Duffy's Section officer brought up the rear, and passed along the word to halt when he reached Duffy. "Here's the outside man of my lot," he said, "so you'll join on beyond him. You've just come in, I hear, so I suppose your men are fresh?"

"Fresh!" said the other disgustedly. "Not much. They've been digging trenches all day about four miles back. It's too sickening. Pity we don't do like the Bosches—conscript all the able-bodied civilians and make 'em do all this trench-digging in rear. Then we might be fresh for the firing line."

"Tut, tut—mustn't talk about conscripting 'em," said Duffy's officer reprovingly. "One volunteer, y'know—worth three pressed men."

"Yes," said the other, "but when there isn't enough of the 'one volunteer' it's about time to collar the three pressed."

Two or three flares went up almost simultaneously from the enemy's line, the crackle of fire rose to a brisk fusil-

lade, and through it ran the sharp "rat-at-at-at" of a machine gun. The rising sound of the reports told plainly of the swinging muzzle, and officers and men dropped flat in the mud and waited till the sweeping bullets had passed over their heads. Men may work on and "chance it" against rifle fire alone, but the sweep of a machine gun is beyond chance, and very near to the certainty of sudden death to all in the circle of its swing.

The officers passed on and the new men began to dig. Sapper Duffy also resumed work, and as he did so he noticed there was something familiar about the bulky shape of the new digger next to him. "What lot are you?" asked the new man, heaving out the first spadeful rapidly and dexterously.

"We're A Section, Southland Company," said Duffy, "an' I say—ain't you Beefy Wilson?"

"That's me," said the other without checking his spade. "And blow me! you must be Duffy—Jem Duffy."

"That's right," said Duffy. "But I didn't know you'd joined, Beefy."

"Just a week or two after you," said Beefy.

"Didjer know boss's two sons had got commissions? Joined the Sappers an' tried to raise a Company out o' the works to join. Couldn't though. I was the only one."

"Look out—ere's that blanky maxim again," said Duffy, and they dropped flat very hurriedly.

There was no more conversation at the moment. There were too many bullets about to encourage any lingering there, and both men wanted all their breath for their work. It was hard work too. Duffy's back and shoulder and arm muscles began to ache dully, but he stuck doggedly to it. He even made an attempt to speed up to Beefy's rate of shovelling, although he knew by old experience alongside Beefy that he could never

keep up with him, the unchallenged champion of the old gang.

Whether it was that the lifting rain had made them more visible or that the sound of their digging had been heard they never knew, but the rifle fire for some reason became faster and closer, and again and again the call passed for stretcher-bearers, and a constant stream of wounded began to trickle back from the trench-diggers. Duffy's section was not so badly off now because they had sunk themselves hip deep, and the earth they threw out in a parapet gave extra protection. But it was harder work for them now because they stood in soft mud and water well above the ankles. The new Company, being the more exposed, suffered more from the fire, but each man of them had a smaller portion of trench to dig, so they were catching up on the first workers. But all spaded furiously and in haste to be done with the job, while the officers and sergeants moved up and down the line and watched the progress made.

More cold-bloodedly unpleasant work it would be hard to imagine. The men had none of the thrill and heat of combat to help them; they had not the hope that a man has in a charge across the open—that a minute or two gets the worst of it over; they had not even the chance the fighting man has where at least his hand may save his head. Their business was to stand in the one spot, open and unprotected, and without hope of cover or protection for a good hour or more on end. They must pay no heed to the singing bullets, to the crash of a bursting shell, to the rising and falling glow of the flares. Simply they must give body and mind to the job in hand, and dig and dig and keep on digging. There had been many brave deeds done by the fighting men on that day: there had been bold leading and bold following in the first rush across the open

against a tornado of fire; there had been forlorn-hope dashes for ammunition or to pick up wounded; there had been dogged and desperate courage in clinging all day to the battered trench under an earth-shaking tempest of high-explosive shells, bombs, and bullets. But it is doubtful if the day or the night had seen more nerve-trying, courage-testing work, more deliberate and long-drawn bravery than was shown, as a matter of course and as a part of the job, in the digging of that communication trench.

It was done at last, and although it might not be a Class One Exhibition bit of work, it was, as Beefy Wilson remarked, "a deal better'n none." And although the trench was already a foot deep in water, Beefy stated no more than bald truth in saying, "Come tomorrow there's plenty will put up glad wi' their knees bein' below high-water mark for the sake o' havin' their heads below low bullet mark."

But if the trench was finished the night's work for the Engineers was not. They were moved up into the captured trench, and told that they had to repair it and wire out in front of it before they were done.

They had half an hour's rest before recommencing work, and Beefy Wilson and Jem Duffy hugged the shelter of some tumbled sandbags, lit their pipes and turned the bowls down, and exchanged reminiscences.

"Let's see," said Beefy. "Isn't Jigger Adams in your lot?"

"Was," corrected Jem, "till an hour ago. 'E's out yon wi' a bullet in 'im—stiff by now."

Beefy breathed blasphemous regrets. "Rough on the missus an' the kids. Six of 'em, weren't it?"

"Aw," assented Jem. "But she'll get suthin' from the Society funds."

"Not a ha'porth," said Beefy. "You'll remem—no, it was just arter you left. The trades unions decided no benefits

would be paid out for them as 'listed. It was Ben Shrillett engineered that. 'E was Secretary an' Treasurer an' things o' other societies as well as ours. 'E fought the War right along, an' 'e's still fightin' it. 'E's a anti-militant, 'e ses."

"Anti-militarist," Jem corrected. He had taken some pains himself in the old days to get the word itself and some of its meaning right.

"Anti-military-ist then," said Beefy. "Any'ow, 'e stuck out agin all sorts o' soldierin'. This stoppin' the Society benefits was a trump card too. It blocked a whole crowd from listin' that I know myself would ha' joined. Queered the boss's sons raisin' that Company too. They 'ad Frickers an' the B.S.L. Co. an' the works to draw from. Could ha' raised a couple hundred easy if Ben Shrillett 'adn't got at 'em. You know 'ow 'e talks the fellers round."

"I know," agreed Jem, sucking hard at his pipe.

The Sergeant broke in on their talk. "Now, then," he said briskly. "Sooner we start, sooner we're done an' off 'ome to our downy couch. 'Ere, Duffy—" and he pointed out the work Duffy was to start.

For a good two hours the engineers labored like slaves again. The trench was so badly wrecked that it practically had to be reconstructed. It was dangerous work because it meant moving freely up and down, both where cover was and was not. It was physically heavy work because spade work in wet ground must always be that; and when the spade constantly encounters a débris of broken beams, sandbags, rifles, and other impediments, and the work has to be performed in eye-confusing alternations of black darkness and dazzling flares, it makes the whole thing doubly hard. When you add in the constant whisk of passing bullets and the smack of their

striking, the shriek and shattering burst of high-explosive shells, and the drone and whirr of flying splinters, you get labor conditions removed to the utmost limit from ideal, and, to any but the men of the Sappers, well over the edge of the impossible. The work at any other time would have been gruesome and unnerving, because the gasping and groaning of the wounded hardly ceased from end to end of the captured trench, and in digging out the collapsed sections many dead Germans and some British were found blocking the vigorous thrust of the spades.

Duffy was getting "fair fed up," although he still worked on mechanically. He wondered vaguely what Ben Shrillett would have said to any member of the trade union that had worked a night, a day, and a night on end. He wondered, too, how Ben Shrillett would have shaped in the Royal Engineers, and, for all his cracking muscles and the back-breaking weight and unwieldiness of the wet sandbags, he had to grin at the thought of Ben, with his podgy fat fingers and his visible rotundity of waistcoat, sweating and straining there in the wetness and darkness with Death whistling past his ear and crashing in shrapnel bursts about him. The joke was too good to keep to himself, and he passed it to Beefy next time he came near. Beefy saw the jest clearly and guffawed aloud, to the amazement of a clay-daubed infantryman who had had nothing in his mind but thoughts of death and loading and firing his rifle for hours past.

"Don't wonder Ben's agin conscription," said Beefy; "they might conscription 'im," and passed on grinning.

Duffy had never looked at it in that light. He'd been anti-conscription himself, though now—mebbe—he didn't know—he wasn't so sure.

And after the trench was more or less repaired came the last and the

most desperate business of all—the “wiring” out there in the open under the eye of the soaring lights. In ones and twos during the intervals of darkness the men tumbled over the parapet, dragging stakes and coils of wire behind them. They managed to drive short stakes and run trip-wires between them without the enemy suspecting them. When a light flamed, every man dropped flat in the mud and lay still as the dead beside them till the light died. In the brief intervals of darkness they drove the stakes with muffled hammers, and ran the lengths of barbed wire between them. Heart in mouth they worked, one eye on the dimly seen hammer and stake-head, the other on the German trench, watching for the first upward trailing sparks of the flare. Plenty of men were hit of course, because, light or dark, the bullets were kept flying, but there was no pause in the work, not even to help the wounded in. If they were able to crawl they crawled, dropping flat and still while the lights burned, hitching themselves painfully toward the parapet under cover of the darkness. If they could not crawl they lay still, dragging themselves perhaps behind the cover of a dead body or lying quiet in the open till the time would come when helpers would seek them. Their turn came when the low wires were complete. The wounded were brought cautiously in to the trench then, and hoisted over the parapet; the working party was carefully detailed and each man’s duty marked out before they crawled again into the open with long stakes and strands of barbed wire. The party lay there minute after minute, through periods of light and darkness, until the officer in charge thought a favorable chance had come and gave the arranged signal. Every man leaped to his feet, the stakes were planted, and quick blow after blow drove them home. Another

light soared up and flared out, and every man dropped and held his breath, waiting for the crash of fire that would tell they were discovered. But the flare died out without a sign, and the working party hurriedly renewed their task. This time the darkness held for an unusual length of time, and the stakes were planted, the wires fastened, and cross-pieces of wood with interlacings of barbed wire all ready were rolled out and pegged down without another light showing. The word passed down and the men scrambled back into safety.

“Better shoot a light up quick,” said the Engineer officer to the Infantry commander. “They have a working party out now. I heard ‘em hammering. That’s why they went so long without a light.”

A pistol light was fired and the two stared out into the open ground it lit. “Thought so,” said the Engineer, pointing. “New stakes—see? And those fellows lying beside ‘em.”

“Get your tools together, Sergeant,” he said as several more lights flamed and a burst of rapid fire rose from the British rifles, “and collect your party. Our job’s done, and I’m not sorry for it.”

It was just breaking daylight when the remains of the Engineers’ party emerged from the communication trench, and already the guns on both sides were beginning to talk. Beefy Wilson and Jem Duffy between them found Jigger’s body and brought it as far as the Dressing Station. Behind the trenches Beefy’s Company and Jem’s Section took different roads, and the two old friends parted with a casual “Slong” and “See you again sometime.”

Duffy had two hours’ sleep in a sopping wet roofless house, about three miles behind the firing line. Then the Section was roused and marched back to their billets in a shell-wrecked vil-

lage, a good ten miles further back. They found what was left of the other three Sections of the Southland Company there, heard the tale of how the Company had been cut up in advancing with the charging infantry, ate a meal, scraped some of the mud off themselves, and sought their blankets and wet straw beds.

Jim Duffy could not get the thought of Ben Shrillett, labor leader and agitator, out of his mind, and mixed with his thoughts as he went to sleep were that officer's remarks about pressed men. That perhaps accounts for his waking thoughts running in the same groove when his Sergeant roused him at black midnight and informed him that the Section was being turned out—to dig trenches.

"Trenches?" spluttered Sapper Duffy ". . . us? How is it our turn again?"

"Becos, my son," said the Sergeant, "there's nobody else about 'ere to take a turn. Come on! Roll out! Show a leg!"

It was then that Sapper Duffy was finally converted, and renounced for ever and ever his anti-conscription principles.

"Nobody else," he said slowly, "an' England fair stiff wi' men. . . . The sooner we get Conscription, the better I'll like it. Conscription solid for every bloomin' able-bodied man an' boy. An' I 'ope Ben Shrillett an' 'is likes is the first to be took. Conscription," he said with the emphasis of

The Cornhill Magazine.

finality as he fumbled in wet straw for a wetter boot, "out-an'-out, lock, stock, 'n barrel Conscription."

That same night Ben Shrillett was presiding at a meeting of the Strike Committee. He had read on the way to the meeting the communiqué that told briefly of Sapper Duffy and his fellow Engineers' work of the night before, and the descriptive phrase struck him as sounding neat and effective. He worked it now into his speech to the Committee, explaining how and where they and he benefited by this strike, unpopular as it had proved.

"We've vindicated the rights of the workers," he said. "We've shown that, war or no war, Labor means to be more than mere wage-slaves. War can't last for ever, and we here, this Committee, proved ourselves by this strike the true leaders and the Champions of Labor, the Guardians of the Rights of Trade Unionism. We, gentlemen, have always been that, and by the strike—" and he concluded with the phrase from the despatch—"we have maintained and consolidated our position."

The Committee said, "Hear, hear." It is a pity they could not have heard what Sapper Duffy was saying as he sat up in his dirty wet straw, listening to the rustle and patter of rain on the barn's leaky roof and tugging on an icy-cold board-stiff boot.

## THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

### CHAPTER XVI.

Caroline sat in Rose Wendover's bedroom at Pahar Tal. She had arrived a week ago, John taking her as far as the foot of the hills; and now she listened to the melancholy drumming

of the rain on a corrugated iron roof, while from the window there was nothing to be seen but dense white vapor pressing close against the panes with soft yet obdurate insistence—a mist that rolled up from the plains

like gigantic bales of cotton-wool. It filled the valleys, rested on the hill-tops, enveloped and obliterated buildings, trees, and pathways, every object on the mountain-side.

A wood-fire smouldered on the open hearth, the logs were damp, and the smoke smelt bitter, also there was a musty odor in the room suggesting mouldy matting, warping wood, the dye of floor-cloth, exhalations liberated by the heavy rain; outside, the smell of drenched and growing vegetation could only be described as "green."

Rose lay on a wooden bedstead laced with webbing, a typical specimen of the rough equipments with which a "furnished" villa in the hills is usually supplied. Francis had not considered it worth while to do much in the way of supplementing the articles pertaining to the house, because, he said, the sojourn at Pahar Tal was to be so short, and whatever they bought they would not be able to sell again for half the value. Therefore the room would have looked bare and uncompromising had it not been for Rose's magic touch, which wrought an appearance of comfort with make-shift measures.

Now Rose lay asleep, really asleep almost for the first time since Caroline's arrival; nevertheless she sobbed unconsciously at intervals, and murmured broken protests. Caroline's heart ached with the pity of it all; the boy's little delicate life extinguished practically without warning—just an infantile complaint, followed by a chill, and then the end. . . . The mother far away, hearing nothing till the cruel news was cabled. All her courage and her spirit, that ever had been stronger than her body, failed her now; she lay stricken, helpless, shattered by the blow.

Caroline could not banish from her mind the memory of the morning when the child had been rebellious over eggs and bacon, unwitting of the pain of

parting; and how just a little later he had cried, and clung, and struggled when wrested from his mother's arms, and rolled himself, despairing, in the nursery curtain; how Rose had left the room, and then, impelled by longing, had returned for one last look, which she denied herself, for Frankie's sake, in silence. India had robbed her of her first-born; India had parted her from Frankie; and inevitably would she always suffer from the bitter question whether, had she only been at home to cherish him, this would have happened.

Caroline supposed, with cynical resentment, that the curse of distant separation from either child or husband was but a part of the Englishwoman's Indian "job," and her aversion to the country and the life increased to angry animosity. It might be all very well for people like John, for whom the natives and the land possessed a curious attraction; for young men who could, out here, afford more manly occupations than would be possible at home; for girls who could enjoy themselves without responsibility; but for the married woman it could easily be hateful, tragic, and she trembled at the prospect of the years and years that lay before her. She hoped with fervor she would never have a baby. What satisfaction could there be in bringing a child into the world only either to lose it in India, or to hand it over to the care of other people, and to come home at intervals as more or less a stranger to one's offspring?—to endure long spells of exile, to risk health, and life, and home, so that children, whose development and progress must be followed mainly through report and correspondence, might be started in the world, only to repeat the same performance in their turn? And what reward, what compensation was there for such people? With but few, and great, exceptions

nothing more material than the certainty that England's power across the seas would wane without their type—that the very nature of their children's birth and breeding armed those children with a natural independence, and by tradition kept alive the enterprising, empire-building instinct.

Though Caroline herself came of such stock, and could recognize the hereditary force that for many generations had impelled her forbears out to India, she felt small enthusiasm for it now, as she watched poor Rose's restless slumber and heard her piteous sobs and murmurs.

The curtain that hung before the open door (none of the doors would shut easily in Oakfield Villa) was drawn aside with caution, and Francis Wendover beckoned Caroline. She tiptoed out, and they stood together in the hall that was not much more than an enclosed glass verandah. In the gray light of the afternoon, that was dimmed with the mist and the rain, Francis looked drawn and old. Caroline was truly sorry for him. His grief for his child's death was deep, and his anxiety concerning his wife, though fretful, was acute. When not at work he seemed to shrink from being alone.

He whispered, "Don't you think she's better?" as though half ordering, half imploring Caroline to give a good report.

"This sleep will do her good," she said with gentle encouragement.

Francis looked out into the rolling mist, through which the branches of the fir trees in the garden showed at times like ghosts drenched and drooping in the heavy rain.

"I don't know what to do," he said helplessly.

"You are doing everything that can be done," she told him; "you know the doctor said she must have time. She is so plucky, she will pick up later on.

Only, of course, she's not strong, and we shall have to take great care of her."

"Yes, I know. I have always tried to take care of her. I have been so particular that she should not over-exert herself, but she was sometimes careless when I wasn't with her. I am sure it isn't my fault if she hasn't always had everything she could possibly want—?"

By silent acquiescence his niece considerably assisted him in his attempt to still the prickings of his conscience; nothing was to be gained by telling him that he had never given Rose the one thing she had really needed, which was peace.

"How long do you think you will be able to stay and help me look after her?" he demanded querulously.

Caroline considered. It appeared to her that at present she was of more definite value to the unhappy Wendovers than to her husband. John had his all-absorbing work; Juman Khan, thanks to her initiations, would look after his food. John was used to being alone, and she felt little or no perturbation of mind on the score of his missing her, beyond a certain point; he would, doubtless, urge her to remain where she was, out of the heat and the discomfort of the plains, in addition to realizing that her presence was a solace to her bereaved relations.

"I can stay as long as you want me," she said with calm confidence.

Francis could not conceal his relief, nor his unwilling gratitude. His face lightened, he looked over her head and said, rather awkwardly, "Thank you, Carol—if you are sure it isn't asking too much of you—I suppose Severn won't mind? Perhaps he could take ten days' leave later on and come up and fetch you?"

"I dare say," was Caroline's indifferent reply.

So she stayed; and the next few weeks passed quietly and sadly for the trio in the hillside villa at Pahar Tal. Rose made valiant and pathetic efforts to revive. She swallowed nourishment, and wine and tonics, with patient submission in order to please Francis and Carol; and she would sit by the wood-fire in the dark little drawing-room trying to fix her attention on a novel, or sewing while Caroline read aloud and talked. People were very kind and sympathetic. They came to see her, bringing magazines and papers, and scraps of news and gossip, and went away complacently convinced that they had helped to cheer her up. In the evenings she played picquet with Francis, who assumed an ostentatious air of geniality, the sort of comforting indulgence that is accorded to a child when hurt or frightened. And Rose responded to it with heroic recognition of his motive, so that gradually his fears abated, and he assured Caroline that, with proper management, Rose would soon be herself again. "The great thing is," he said, "to prevent her from thinking, to keep her mind occupied," and he really worked hard to achieve this object.

Early in August there came a break in the rains. The melancholy drip and downpour ceased, the mist dispersed as though in shame; for ten days the sun shone with masterful glory, and the atmosphere was charged with cheerful clamor. The rushing of clear streams adown the mountain-side, the shouting of hill coolies as they dried themselves and their blankets in the welcome warmth, the clatter of ponies' hoofs, and the stir and movement of people emerging from their houses to enjoy the sparkling air. For them it was enlivening, a tonic physical and mental, following the weeks of damp and gloom; but for their compatriots in the plains below it meant

misery—a continuous Turkish bath without relief.

John's weekly letter to Caroline, just then, told her that at Ranapore fever was knocking over half the station, that he himself was nearly mad with prickly heat, though otherwise quite fit; that the mosquitoes were worse than usual; and that frogs, and fish insects, and white ants, and "bugs" of every description were rampant. His only consolation seemed to be that she was not there to suffer from these disagreeables too.

She had taken the letter from the peon who fetched the post one afternoon as she started for a solitary stroll along an upper road; and as she read it she told herself that had he said he wished she were there to share the torments with him she would have been better pleased! With a feeling of dissatisfaction she folded up the letter and tucked it into her belt as she went along the irregular pathway. On her right the hillside slanted upward, dense with trees, chiefly oak and pine and cypress, their trunks and branches green with ferns and mosses; on the left, below a slender railing, lay a bank of wild dahlias, crimson, yellow, pink, and purple, vivid blots of color on a bed of emerald foliage. Then, below again, a steep descent with tree-tops massed so thick and close that they might almost have been solid ground.

Caroline's mood lightened. She began to feel exhilarated with the sunshine, and the blue brightness of the sky that was flecked with snowy wisps of cloud. A resinous odor floated from the pine trees; crickets sang harsh songs of joy from their hiding-places in the trees; a troop of big black monkeys, with long tails and white beards, swung vigorously across the road in front of her, and went crashing down the precipice with incredible agility. A spirit of energy

and life, that yet held a vast peace, seemed to be abroad.

The afternoon was all before her; for Francis, with much arranging and parade of thoughtfulness, had taken his wife on a little excursion to view the snows—Rose in her dandy packed with rugs and cushions, Francis walking at her side, an alpenstock grasped in his hand. Caroline had been glad to betake herself in another direction; her time, so far, at Oakfield Villa had been something of a strain, and now she found refreshment in this sunny solitude. Insensibly she quickened her pace, stepping out gaily, held her head higher, inhaled with pleasure the fresh and fragrant air.

On she went, leaving all sign of habitation, even the protecting railings, far behind, till she rounded the great shoulder of the mountain and came upon a point that ended in a piece of level ground, an unexpected platform that looked as if a giant implement had sliced away a portion of the hill. Of a sudden there seemed to be nothing between her and the limitless, sweltering plains below that lay in a hot blue haze, pierced here and there by the gleam of a river, blotched by dark areas of forest. . . . She moved forward with involuntary caution, feeling the magnetic horror of a great height, and looked about for a fallen log or a rock on which to seat herself; and then she became conscious that she was not standing alone upon this ledge that almost hung in space. Someone else, a man, was half concealed by scanty brushwood just a few yards from her. She stood quite still, assailed by an unnameable apprehension that was not entirely physical; a penetrating presentiment of change, and trouble, and distress that could not be escaped. Perhaps the altitude, the rare purity of the air, the influence of such complete remoteness from the world induced a power of preconcep-

tion—but certain it was that when Max Falconer rose up and stood before her she was not in the least surprised to see him. Indeed, it seemed to her that she had known when she started for this walk—had known all the time she was traversing the little pathway cut roughly from the mountain-side—had known when first she viewed the endless plains so far below, that he was waiting for her here, at the end of the earth, either in spirit or in body.

There was at least nothing of the spiritual about him as he stood, hat in hand, looking at her doubtfully, mistrustful of his own senses; and to her swift dismay Caroline found herself noting the glint of his hair in the sun, and the blue of his dangerous eyes.

"Carol!" he exclaimed in amazement.

"Why are you here?" she said, with a sort of helpless vexation in her voice.

"Well, if it comes to that," he returned, laughing, "Why are you here? I'm on leave, and surely our meeting must seem more unexpected to me than to you, considering that you knew I was in India, and that I thought you were in South Kensington!"

"Then you didn't see my marriage in the paper?" she inquired stiffly. She was striving to regain her self-composure.

"Your marriage? Are you married, Carol?"

He came nearer, regarding her intently with lingering, regretful gaze, and she looked away, confused, feeling just as agitated, blushing just as hotly, as she had done on that winter's day in England when he had met her eyes across the luncheon-table, subtle meaning in his speech and glance. He caught her hand and scrutinized her wedding-ring, guarded by the band of diamonds. Then he dropped her hand and sighed.

"What's his name?" he asked re-

luctantly, as if in envious resignation.

"His name is John Severn," Caroline replied, quite simply.

"And what is he?"

"A civilian. At present he's Collector at Ranapore."

"Ranapore!" He made an involuntary gesture of annoyance, and for a moment looked disturbed.

She wondered what unwelcome reminiscence the name had summoned to his mind. "Do you know the place?" she asked.

"No, I've only heard of it." His slight disquietude had passed. "Do you like being there?"

He went on asking questions, showing a polite and earnest interest in her answers, but otherwise dropping the suggestive intimacy of manner that had caused her such embarrassment.

Relieved and once more self-confident, she allowed him to find her a seat—a slab of mossy stone. He threw himself on the ground beside her and lit a cigarette.

"Now, as an old friend, I'm going to tell you about myself," he said rather ruefully. "But my news isn't as pleasant as yours, Mrs. Severn." He smiled as he used her married name.

"I'm sorry," she said, with concern. "What is it?"

"Well, I'm just about broke—that's all! Pretty rotten, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, distressed.

"That I'm in a deep hole, in fact a bottomless pit! I see no hope of getting out, so I suppose it's a case of going under altogether."

"Please don't say such things," pleaded Caroline. "Surely something can be done. How did it happen?"

"In the usual fashion. Riotous living!" he told her flippantly.

She deplored his apparent indifference, yet she divined a poignant despair beneath it.

"And what are you going to do?"

"I'm hanged if I know. I took leave and came over here from Simla to think things out quietly. I only arrived this morning. Then I go for a walk along the most deserted road I can find, and meet you at the end of it! If that isn't what they call Fate—"

"But have you no plans?" Caroline interposed hastily.

"A vague idea of the Colonies. I can ride and shoot and fight, so I ought to be able to pick up a living—I might even make a fortune! Miracles have happened before now. After all, I've nobody to blame but myself, except perhaps"—he hesitated, then turned towards her with an air of apologetic candor—"perhaps you."

She saw the insinuation. "No," she cried in passionate protest. "I had nothing to do with it. How can you be so unfair?"

"I only said 'perhaps,'" he reminded her, with a conciliatory smile. "If the girl I cared for had been willing to marry me, I might possibly have settled down as a respectable member of society. On the other hand, I might not have done so; and she prudently recognized that I wasn't worth the risk. Of course she was right. I don't dispute the fact for a moment."

He moved into an easier attitude, tilted his hat over his eyes, and continued to smoke composedly. Caroline felt goaded between pity and resentment. It was unjust, detestable of him even to suggest that she might have been in any way to blame for his downfall; yet for the first time a sensitive doubt sprang up in her heart that perhaps she had acted questionably in refusing to marry him, however devoted her motive. This, and a full realization of his present position, caused her unwittingly to blunder.

"You know I wasn't thinking of myself!" she burst out piteously. "You

know I did it only because I thought it would be best for you."

Then instantly she saw her mistake. She sprang to her feet, trembling, overwhelmed with self-reproach; she could almost have thrown herself over the edge of the precipice in her mortification. Falconer, too, had risen. She heard him say "Carol!" with hoarse vehemence; she knew he meant to seize her in his arms. . . . But something checked him; she believed it was her obvious terror, and she gave him credit for a generous self-restraint. For a tense moment they looked into each other's eyes; then Falconer laughed bitterly and turned away. Caroline shrank against the bank, unnerved and weak.

He took out his handkerchief and passed it across his forehead. "That was a near thing, wasn't it?" he said, as though they had narrowly escaped some accident. "It's all right, Mrs. Severn," he added in a different tone, "I won't forget myself again. I'm sorry!"

Caroline said nothing. She had brought the scene on herself, and she knew it. She felt nervous and humiliated as, with mutual intention, they started homewards. But Falconer exercised tact; he talked quite naturally of trivial matters, as though nothing had happened, till she recovered her mental balance, and then gradually they fell into discussion of his future plans.

Their progress was slow, not from any fault of Caroline's, who did her best to set a steady pace, but Falconer dawdled unmindfully; now and then he stood still altogether as he endeavored to expound some advantage connected with life in British Columbia, or in New Zealand, or whatever the country in question at the moment. He was either impossibly optimistic or equally despairing, and he appeared to have evolved no settled

scheme or purpose; so far, beyond recognizing the dismal necessity for leaving the Army and India, his plans were in confusion. It was so plainly a relief to him to talk over his dilemma that Caroline felt almost brutal when she said she thought they ought to hurry—it would soon be dark, and they had still some way to go.

When they arrived at Oakfield Villa he followed her into the house as a matter of course. Lamps had been lighted, fires were blazing, and Mrs. Wendover, in a tea-gown, was resting on the drawing-room sofa. Francis had gone to change for dinner, and Rose had begun to feel anxious over Carol's non-appearance; and when she did appear, accompanied by Captain Falconer, her uneasiness assumed another form. She gave him a surprised welcome and he accounted casually for his presence at Pahar Tal—he had always thought he should like to see the place; he was sick of Simla; he wanted a little change. He went on to declare that he had hardly been able to believe his eyes when he met Mrs. Severn, and said how enchanted he was to see Mrs. Wendover again, and so on. Then Francis came in, clean and correct and self-satisfied, at first puzzled as to the visitor's identity, but soon recalling the dinner at the London restaurant, and vaguely, in addition, other circumstances connected with Caroline, to which, of course, he did not allude.

No one understood better than Max Falconer how to be agreeable when he had an object in view, and presently Rose, who had ever been weakly alive to his attractions, was smiling and chatting, and showing more animation than she had done since Frankie's death, despite her fatigues of the afternoon. Therefore when Falconer took his leave Francis was inspired to express the hope that he would drop in whenever he felt inclined during his

stay at Pahar Tal—wouldn't he dine with them to-morrow night? At this period Francis would have welcomed anyone whose presence seemed to enliven Rose's spirits; and he felt rather aggrieved later on, when Caroline had gone to her room to dress, because Rose asked him if he thought it would be altogether wise for them to see much of Captain Falconer.

"Why? Because he was an old flame of Carol's?" he asked with indulgent derision. "What nonsense!"

"You must remember that they were very much in love with each other," she warned, "and I'm afraid Captain Falconer is not altogether to be trusted where a pretty woman is concerned."

"Well, Carol's married, and presumably she can take care of herself. If she can't, her husband will have to come up and look after her. We can't be expected to do it for him! If you like the fellow and he amuses you he shall come here. You are the one to be considered, not Carol!"

He regarded her with egotistical affection, mingled with renewed fear. She looked so very fragile, so transparent, lying back among her cushions. Unconsciously, Francis Wendover had always considered himself as more or less omnipotent, and his failure to convert his delicate wife into a robust woman had been a grievance with him now for many years. The fact that

since the shock of Frankie's death she had been failing visibly filled him with an angry mortification, which was almost as unendurable as his dread of losing her.

She made no further protest about Captain Falconer. After all, she reflected, it was better that he and Carol should meet under supervision than without it; at least, she would be in a position to detect symptoms of danger if the man meant mischief.

Caroline was significantly silent all the evening, and of purpose Rose avoided mention of Captain Falconer and his presence at Pahar Tal, for she realized that Carol could not be expected to speak of him at once without some effort and uneasiness. Well she knew that though a love may die, or be supplanted, perhaps be rendered mute by other claims and new conditions, the memory of past emotions still will rise and vex the spirit if evoked by sudden meeting, or even small associations—just a scent, a word, a melody—some long-forgotten little thing.

Neither did Francis bring up the subject, as his wife expected he would do; instead he harped throughout the dinner on the question of Rose's health, and whether he should not be obliged to send her home if she did not soon improve—rather as though this were a drastic form of punishment, to be resorted to if all other measures, including kindness, failed.

(*To be continued.*)

## TO FAME UNKNOWN.

(ALEXANDER STEPHEN, 1843-1903.)

The "mute inglorious Milton" of the poet is probably an impossible hypothesis. Great genius must find expression; that Providence which sees a sparrow fall, may be trusted not to waste a master spirit. But some there are, modest in their degree, who pos-

sess indeed "The vision and the faculty divine," and lack not wholly the accomplishment of verse, yet remain and are contented to remain obscure. For these the poetic talent forms a quiet and rippling accompaniment to their sense of the beauty or sadness of

things sublunar. It imports into their days a rhythmic harmony to which they move through uncongenial tasks and the tedium of adverse circumstances, not uncheered. They are not aware of repression, they have no trumpet-tongued errand to deliver to the world: they are not obsessed by the mystery or tragedy of life; their gift is not a mockery but a refuge, a door to close on the bewildering confusion of the outer world, a casement to open on the serenity of the inner. Its existence is a secret often jealously guarded by those wise and childlike souls who understand the harsh world just enough to know that, did they make their revelation, the world would not understand.

Of such a finer nature I would strive to shadow forth the vanished features. He passed and left no name or memory save in the hearts of the few who knew and loved him. When I met him he was old, gray-haired and poor. He lived in a sordid suburb, arid, dreary, a man-made desert wherein human souls die parched. He toiled at a tedious and uncongenial task in a sunless office in a grimy city, and he treasured memories, far off memories, of singing birds, green woods and flashing sea. I see him still—his ever ever smiling eyes peering behind his glasses, his pointed beard pushing a little forward, his characteristic and Caledonian nostrils snuffing the interest and the joy of life, even in the dingiest streets; under his arm some bundle of the classics, purchased, after long fingering at a second-hand stall, purchased with "tram-fares," and a tramp home through the rain. Over the backyard gate in secrecy the precious bundle must be slipped at nightfall, that he may thereafter enter his own front door with obviously empty hands to mock wifely supervision. I never heard him utter unkind word to, or of, living creature. I

never heard him breathe despondency. His presence reconciled feuds and was a source of still content. And yet, he nursed his dreams of days gone by.

Before I knew him he had followed many callings. He told me he had been "postie" in a Scottish rural district; that on his rounds about the lanes and fields he had learned to love the becks and fleeting clouds and murmurous leaves, and had been first inspired to sing their beauty. He was schoolmaster too in some now forgotten school where surely he understood the heart of youth. He turned news-agent also, but without success. It was only too easy for the village scallywags to engross him in some well-imagined theme, while a pilfering accomplice loitered by to snatch unguarded booty from under eyes abrim with dreams. His worst lapse was into an insurance agent; a calling in which he found his purgatory. To expose defaulters was beyond his power. He struggled to pay their arrears and burdened himself with their debts. At last so deeply did he stand involved that he flung his books and papers into the river, took his fiddle and bade farewell to his native land, and so fiddled his road to the city where I met him.

A troubled record, foul and fair,  
A simple record and serene,  
—and one knows that every page was  
autographed with that rare sign-manual—personality.

A tiny manuscript volume, rubricated and paper covered, and some three or four letters in the same fastidious hand remain as mementoes of a kindly fellowship.

The letters are as characteristic as the poems; even more so, perhaps, being completely free from the conventions of the amateur versifier, more expressive of the gentle humor which was among the man's most salient features. One of the most charming is written

round that well-worn theme, the weather, and imports into its grayness a pathetic April sunshine:

"I believe the weather must have been 'lovely' in some places, yesterday. I don't think I noticed it much. I have a sort of blurred notion that the light was a little better than usual. Your enthusiasm of last night has made me rather more observant this morning. When I look up from this paper, I can see that the sky has a good deal of light in it. Above the blank brick wall of the warehouse opposite, it shows like a large sheet of tin-foil seen through a gauze veil, sadly in want of washing; and there is a suggestion of brightness about the legend, in huge enamelled letters, which reads C.C.D. & Co., Ltd. This scene would have more enchantment if the wall-long window of plate glass through which I survey it were to be gone over with a wet wash-leather to remove the fine mottling of Ancoats dust, diversified by small clots of dried mud, that somewhat obscures its transparency.

"But in spite of such drawbacks, one does have a kind of sub-consciousness that the weather must be rather fine somewhere. Perhaps there may be a hint of coming greenness on the fields, if one could see them, and the sparkle of sunlight on running water. It may even be that on some, as yet, budless tree, an optimistic bird may find himself surprised into a brief twitter of premature song.

"One can imagine lots of things if one lets fancy loose, to fly beyond smoke-grimed windows and soot-en-crusted brick walls, until it reaches some spot where men may see

The jocund day  
Stand tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops."

Pictures of other days must have risen before him as he penned the lines, visions of loved Dunnottar, Glen Ury, and Logie Den:

Hoo clear and brown the Cowie  
By pool an' shallow rins,  
Wimplin' an' glintin' in the licht,  
When the bloom is on the whins!  
Oh weel I'd ken the croon again  
O' the water welterin' by,  
An' through the stillness o' the nicht  
The sea's lang, waukrife sigh!

For aft through green Glen Ury  
When the sun had lang gane doon,  
By brae an' burnside I hae strayed  
Aneath the summer moon.

Nae mair in green Glen Ury  
For ever may I be,  
Hearin' the broon burn murmur by  
Doon to the shinin' sea,  
When the haughs are fair wi' sproutin'

corn,  
An' gowans deck the brae;  
Forever dear the happy days  
Lang syne when it was sae!

An' the peace that filled Glen Ury  
When the sun had lang gane doon,  
Fa's on the heart that ance was  
there,

Aneath the summer moon.

Of his verses he wrote to me at an early stage of our friendship:

"I am herewith enclosing a 'volume' . . . You will be the *first woman* to read many of the verses in this volume, and the *second* to read some of them. This in no way affects their quality. I mention it merely as a fact which may lend them some adventitious interest. None of them has ever seen print. People are not aware of what they escape sometimes! I am sure you will see, after glancing through them, that they are not the kind of thing for general reading. I think having them printed would make me feel as I should do were I to go down Market Street in my dressing-gown. I know the sort of feeling by having dreamed of such things now and again. . . . Think of these verses as the sentimental outpourings of a romantic young postman in a seaside village—a young man fond of reading poetry—and you will be able to place them at their true point."

In truth, this man, who shrank so from the placarding of his emotions, was by nature so sensitive and secret, that not even to the written page would he reveal what most give frankly and unblushingly to be printed. The seal of reserve is on all these little poems. A note of resignation curbs even the oft recurrent memories of the past; he touches only the tenderness of love, never its passion, never its intimacies. There is no nude feeling here. His gentle art is rather a silvery veil, shot through with faint sweet color, suggesting, clothing, not stripping, his inmost heart.

Some ten days later than the letter just quoted, I had another from him on the same subject:

"I had a happy thought on my way home after leaving you last night. I cannot tell you how much I was gratified by the nice things you said about my—I shan't give them a name. Of all the idiots who cannot say what they would like to say, *viva voce*, I am, I think, the worst. Conventional phrases are the current coin of agreeable talk, but how can one tell how much or how little is behind them? When I try to use them I feel like a man who is consciously trying to pass a shilling of questionable mintage. . . . But about the happy thought. Would you care to keep that 'wee bookie'? Do so, if you would really care to have it. To tell you the very truth, I copied out what it contains expressly for you from certain time-worn and quite unpresentable manuscripts which have survived through many years and fittings. Therefore, you have first claim on it if you think it worth while to assert your right.

"To think of it as in your ownership will add to the pleasure—and vanity—of

"Yours most sincerely,  
"A. S."

It was thus that the little brown volume came into my possession. The cover bears the inscription Rhymes and Records. Its contents, partly in the Doric, partly in "Scholar's English," are dated over many years. The collection as a whole bears the stamp of having proceeded from a man dwelling amid the memories of a past; dwelling there neither bitterly nor too sadly, but with a certain wistful gladness that such memories, amid the change of life, abide. Gentle and cordial as he was to every man, it was rather round places than persons that the clinging tendrils of his affection fastened, above all round places loved in earliest years:

Dunnottar, O Dunnottar,

A spell is in the name!

Dunnottar, O Dunnottar,

It's Youth, an' Love, an' Hame!

Once and again he returns to the same theme, emphasizing the simple verses with a pencilled note of modest author's pride, "My own favorite," at the foot:

The bonnie green woods of Dunnottar,  
I'm thinkin' it's mornin' there,  
An' the gowans are white on the braes  
again,

An' the song of the birds ance mair  
Is mellow, an' sweet, an' glesome  
As it was in the days lang syne,  
When we were there in the Spring  
time

O' the years we were laith to tyne!

The bonnie auld wood of Dunnottar,  
Far dearer it is to me  
Than the fairest scenes that the warl'  
can show

In mony a far countrie!  
We hae played on its braes as bairnies,  
We hae loved an' sorrowed there.  
Gin we win to the woods o' Heaven  
Do you think they will be as fair?

From memories and regrets which never strike the poignant note, he looks out with serene philosophy, of heart rather than intellect, on life's transitory shows. This attitude is il-

lustrated in the verses "On a Lifelong Friendship."

Remembering the old days, the swift  
sweet seasons,  
(To memory grown, alas! how swift  
and sweet)

I search my soul again to-day for  
reasons  
Whereon our faith may stand with  
steadier feet.

There comes no answer I can frame  
in words,

Only the birds

Sing as they did then, and I rise to go,  
Feeling that, somehow, I am answered  
so.

For Spring again has filled the land  
with flowers,

Clothing the woods and happy fields  
in green,

Larks in the blue and linnets in the  
bowers

Carol again as if there had not been  
Winter or night, to kill or chill their  
song;

And all day long  
They charm with their unwearying  
melodies

The listening, whispering woods and  
sunlit leas.

Their little lives, like ours, go out  
unheeded,  
And with the withered leaves are  
swept away.

But song lives on, immortal, unimpeded,  
New as the dawn is, and the enduring  
day!

Yea, though the singer dies the song  
remains

In deathless strains,  
And Hope, awakening, holds a scroll  
unfurled,  
"Youth, Love and Song live ever in  
the world!"

Yea, Song endures and fills the world  
for ever,  
Youth is re-born with every sun-dawn  
fair,  
Though we are but as ripples on the  
River  
That flows, we know not whence, we  
know not where,

With ever-deepening and broadening  
wave,

Yet every grave  
We make drifts backward, and is lost  
to sight

In an effulgence of Eternal Light!

A year or two later he wrote in the  
same calm spirit the "Ballade of the  
Burnside":

Calm as the current of my days  
Along its wonted channel flows  
The stream that winds by well-known  
ways,

Now fallen into their old repose.

Around it lie the winter snows  
Sown from a gray sky overhead,  
And sea-ward peacefully it goes,  
Though summer flowers have long been  
dead.

At times a sunbeam o'er it plays,  
But on the brink it finds no rose;  
On sheltered banks by which it strays  
No longer any wild flower grows.  
No more this winding pathway knows  
Thy feet, where now alone I tread,  
Yet memory nameless bloom bestows,  
Though summer flowers have long been  
dead.

Here summer ever with me stays,  
And fair, unfading flowers disclose  
Their sweets to me where'er I gaze,  
While August sunlight round me glows.  
No flowers on earth abide like those  
(On dews of Love and Memory fed!)  
The heart with deathless bloom en-  
dows,  
Though summer flowers have long been  
dead.

ENVOI

Dear eyes that bade my heart unclose,  
Dear Heart on mine that sunlight  
shed,  
For me Love's flower immortal blows,  
Though summer flowers have long been  
dead.

Whether it be due to the writer's  
prolonged residence on the southern  
side of the border, or to his acquaint-  
ance with the literature of scholarship,  
the fact is patent that his English  
poems excel in merit those written in  
the vernacular. There is a pathetic

fitness in the fact that the scenes of his childhood he commemorates in his early mother-tongue, and it is possible that these simple compositions sound a note of profounder emotion than those which adopt a more deliberately scholarly style.

At the same time, these latter, though lacking the sudden splendor of the phrase or line inspired, hall-mark of highest talent, possess in an unusual degree a limpid clarity and directness, mastery of form, and freedom from superfluous decoration. An innate reserve and refinement saved the writer from that tendency to the florid which marks the untrained versifier. The sonnet is possibly one of those verse forms which contain most traps for the unwary, which most inevitably betray lurking vulgarity of tone. A single illustration must suffice, a sonnet which is entitled "An April Eve" and expresses a mood familiar to sensitive spirits:

Between me and the sunset's paling beam  
I saw a blackbird, sitting lone and high  
Among the branches, dark against the sky,  
Silent and still, as if some happy dream  
Possessed him, as he listened to the stream  
That over its white pebbles trickled by.  
Then with a chuckled song I saw him fly  
Far through the wood, and so lost sight of him.

Within the wood the wind seem'd whispering  
Some secret thing, unutterably sweet,  
In fitful sighs that grew and died away.  
And in the dim light there were shadowy feet  
Among the shadows, pausing, hastening,  
And voices, that had marvellous things to say.

His own lines sum up most fitly the

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worth and significance of the little volume of verses:

These few songs the years have won  
from me,  
The fleet winged years of youth that shone and fled,  
And now are dear with memories of the dead,  
Songs that seem echoes of the wind and sea  
Heard over fields whose fruits are harvested,  
And where our feet again may never be.

The last letter I had from him refers to a course of classes and papers on Shakespeare which I had organized during the winter, and which he had attended with the ardor of a youthful student. His whole attitude towards any effort on the part of others was one of appreciation almost pathetic, and for the recipient often overwhelming. So he wrote to me now:

"It is in the air that you are going away this week. I am seized by an impulse to make it known unto you that my good wishes are going with you. I should also like to say how much I, for one, enjoyed our evenings with the 'Swan of Avon' and the creations of his exuberant imagination. How very vague some of us are content to let our knowledge of the great writer remain! Shakespeare has been, more or less, with me all my life, but merely as a kind of undefined atmospheric influence. To you I owe the more intimate and delightful terms on which I now stand with him, and the introduction seems all the more worth cherishing and improving because of the medium through which it has been attained. I shall tell him so when I see him, which I am sure to do before—long before—he can have a chance to lay his paternal hand upon your head."

It was, indeed, good-bye. A fatal and unsuspected disease had already

begun its inroads, and when I returned from my wanderings it was to find him dying. To the end, under the violent assaults of pain, poverty, and apprehension for the future of his loved ones, he remained sweet, patient, confident and serene.

Surely he has long since passed in  
The Poetry Review.

the presence and society of that august Master who was with him all his life! Spirit heroic and tender, set free at last from exile, and taking worthy rank in the great company of the elect

With those just spirits that wear victorious palms.

*E. Hamilton Moore.*

### SOME GLIMPSES OF RUSSIAN POLAND TO-DAY.

A cheap German post-card, purchased in Berlin for ten *pfennigs*, was brought to me a few days ago. It bore the inscription "The famous picture of the Virgin and Child captured from Czenstochowa by our gallant army." At the top of the card is inserted a portrait of the Kaiser, surmounted by the Imperial Crown of Germany. We can realize the anguish of the Polish peasant as we look on this card—he who has made pilgrimage to this "the Holy Place" of Poland.

Let us picture Czenstochowa on the occasion of one of these pilgrimages. Every one who has travelled in Russia or in any Slav country knows what a pilgrimage means to these people. Their vivid imaginations, their deep religious feelings, their idealism, are all brought out in strong color. Hundreds, even thousands, of miles will they travel to visit a "Holy Place." You see them coming in troops, whether it be to the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, to the Troiska Monastery near Moscow, or to the Shrine of Czenstochowa.

As a rule Czenstochowa awakes late, but on the morning of a pilgrimage it is different. Then there is no sleep for any of the inhabitants. Let us see it on a winter morning with a great pilgrimage arriving to visit the shrine of Poland's Virgin and Child. The streets are thronged, the snow has been trodden into marble solidity,

and the dirty town—for in spite of its sacredness Czenstochowa is undoubtedly one of the most dingy and unkempt places in Russian Poland—sparkles in the chilly sunshine. Cross-crowned spires and copper-capped turrets float fairy-like against the pale azure of the sky. From all sorts of sheltered nooks and crannies where they have passed the night, cowering under their shaggy sheepskins, country folk and Jews, *droshky* drivers and stall-keepers creep leisurely forth to meet whatever fortune the day has in store for them. They are in hopes of doing a roaring business, for the pilgrimage bids fair to be a great one. All along the side-walks, here as everywhere else in Slav land, little booths and stalls have been set up and are presided over by black kaftaned Jews, long-nosed, bilious complexioned, and unsavory. The shops of Czenstochowa leave much to be desired, but the pilgrims will find most things they require on these ramshackle stalls. But it is well to bear in mind that the piety of the Polish peasants—never to mention that of the Jews—does not interfere with their trading morals, so far as petty theft and sharp practices are concerned. The merchandise heaped about is surely varied. Poppy-seed cakes, peasant laces, sweet cracknels, fruit pastilles, undressed skins, earthenware, iron-mongery, cheeses, bottles of peppermint water, black bread,

boiled buckwheat groats, jars of pickled cucumbers, dried fish—of abominable odor—eggs, sour cabbage, diminutive Christmas trees—some unadorned and pretty, others hideously decorated with tinsel and pink paper, big red, white, blue, and green paper roses—huge bowls of sour and sweet cream, shivering birds in cages, tiny red parrots from Finland, finches, and thrushes, brightly colored wooden toys, webs of linen, boneless purple slabs of horse flesh, tawdry jewelry, old books, second-hand and odoriferous clothing, marvellous and very beautiful peasant costumes, long black and scarlet betasselled boots, carpets, cotton gloves and stockings, local embroideries, inlaid steel ornaments, leather work, and many other things of varied interest, for all of which, however, purchasers were to be found. I was once told by a Transvaal storekeeper as I stood by while he sold yards of gay-colored ribbons to some half-naked Kaffir women at Bond Street prices, "civilization is mainly wants, and I supply them." Evidently a Polish pilgrimage has, according to this expert, a very civilizing tendency.

Around one of the large canvas booths a violent squabble has arisen. The sites of these larger booths are drawn for by lot by a chosen number of poor widows of the town, and woe betide any intruder who ventures to encroach within the limits of the sites thus allotted! A superabundant Jewess is shrilly proclaiming that she has been robbed. With one stout arm she clutches the thief, a miserable little underfed, damp-nosed peasant boy, the proof of whose guilt, a round, pink sugar ginger cake, bearing the damning marks of teeth not afraid to bite, lies on the snow for all to see. Here and there along the thoroughfares coke fires are crackling merrily in iron braziers, and round these groups of country people are gathered exchang-

ing gossip and smoking. In all the protected corners and spaces of the arcades are small tables given over to the sale of sacred images, nauseous pictures of bland virgins, insipid Saviours, crucifixes, rosaries, cruciform brooches and such like. Tiny shrine lamps, all ready for the pilgrimage, flicker in the bitter draught. At regular intervals down every street big public *samovars* are hissing and spluttering, and half-frozen country people are sipping boiling tea and warming their blue fingers on their nickel-encircled glasses. Restaurants and cafés are filled with the more opulent breakfasters, with chatter and tobacco fumes. In rows on the curbs are beggars, disgusting, with bandaged arms and legs. The restless streams of humanity which pass and re-pass are extraordinarily interesting. All classes and people from utterly contrasting provinces jostle together. Tall, amiable looking, well bred Russian officers, in smartly cut overcoats and round lamb-skin caps; more officers in circular and all-enveloping cape-coats, these coats padded with eiderdown, trimmed with golden sable, lined with silk, with dangling, unused sleeves, the whole of such amplexness that their wearers' progress is considerably hampered by the entanglement of swords and spurs in the cloth. Then there are civilians in dark coats, or capes, and high beaver hats; soldiers, immense fellows, seemingly impervious to the weather, for their overcoats swing by a strap from their necks, unworn. Only for their ears do the Russian "Tommies" appear to have any consideration, and these are protected by bandages of red or black cloth, which suggest the affliction of perpetual earache. Ladies of the upper and middle classes trip by as lightly as galoshes and long coats permit, their fur and wadded head-coverings, mouths and noses, swathed in fleecy white shawls, their black eyes

—the only part of their faces visible—sparkling coquettishly. Threading their brilliant way through the more sombrely clad populace come the peasants. Like giant flowers of every hue and shade are these countrywomen of Russian Poland—blue petticoated, red jacketed, white petticoated, green bloused—most of them snug, so far as the upper portions of their persons are concerned, in short sheepskins or in great shawls which glow and flame and flutter in the wind. Full skirts, reaching barely to their knees, sway and billow above high Hessian boots of black or scarlet leather. Ivory tinted cheeks—the hall-mark of Poland's beautiful women—in contrast to smooth raven black hair, eyes dark as night, and a background afforded by orange or crimson kerchiefs give the impression of so many living exquisite cameos. They are desirable when young, these Polish girls; but age, hard work, and much childbearing leave them old at thirty, and by the time they are sixty—well—look at that ancient hag, squatting there on the curb, yellow-skinned, shrivelled, toothless, horrible, her acute, beady black eyes, which dart from face to face suspiciously, the only human feature she possesses. She has come quite a hundred miles on foot, though some fellow-travellers no doubt gave her "lifts" at intervals—to present her last petition to the Little Virgin and her Son. Leaning languidly against a wall is a young married woman. Her wedding day—the only joyful, careless day in a girl's life here—dawned and set nine months ago. Her parents drew the little hand in chalk on the door of her childhood's home scarcely a year gone by, to indicate that their daughter had arrived at marriageable age, and, as she was pretty then—though so white and worn now—the settlement of her future was arranged within a few weeks. She, too, has come to this

shrine of Czenstochowa to beg that the child she is expecting may prove a son. Her husband, a big, raw-boned, good-natured boy is opening their bundle. In it is a wedge of rye bread, a piece of bacon fat; and the nearest *samovar* will provide tea. Think of it! This ailing girl-child of seventeen has come to where she stands from a village ninety miles away as the crow flies across the plains, in a springless, seatless cart, over roads indescribably bad, exposed to a temperature many degrees below zero, embittered by the cutting north wind, so dreaded by Polish travellers. Let us hope that the gentle Little Mother of Czenstochowa looked with kindness on this girl, whose trouble she herself had once experienced. But did the Little Virgin grant a son, or did she take both mother and child away from this sorry land, away from her dreary mud hut on the steppe, from her filthy village with its melancholy willows, its fever-haunted swamps—from the horror which stalks to-day over all this tortured, blood-drenched country?

Soon the traffic becomes more lively. Sleighs and *droshkies* flash swiftly past, drawn, as their owner's means allow, either by fine trotters or thin, hairy ponies. Wheels and sleigh rollers make but a slight noise on the hard, frozen slush. However, the jangling of the bells on the high, red be-tasselled yokes encircling the horses' heads, the dull pounding of the hoofs, and the weird howls of the drivers warn the unwary to move out of danger. Some of the sleighs, those belonging to the farmers, are primitive in the extreme: rude, wooden affairs, crudely painted, the occupants of which are obliged to keep a fast clutch on the ragged ropes, which do duty for side doors, in order to prevent themselves being jerked out on to the road. Other sleighs are veritable works of art, bright with brass be-set harness,

studded with steel placques, decorated with blue and scarlet rosettes, with painted panels of artistic design. One group of loiterers is especially worthy of attention. They are Cossacks of impressive proportions, with massive round heads, short, bustling hair, beetling eyebrows, and straggling moustaches, defiant looking, but, on closer acquaintance, prove to be by no means churlish or brutal individuals; indeed, quite the reverse. Though the day is still young many people have already imbibed a considerable amount of alcohol, for the weather is colder than usual, even for inclement Poland, and a night in the open makes a comforting drink desirable, which, when taken on empty stomachs, intoxicates, and that quickly. They drink hard, these good Poles, and what wonder?

Round "the Holy Place"—the small church which enshrines the relic which is revered by the Eastern and the Western faith alike—a fact to be remembered—round the home of the oldest picture probably in the Christian world, a surging crowd has already collected. But the church doors are still shut. Backwards and forwards sway the multitude, patiently obedient to the police who are endeavoring to preserve some sort of order. A thousand tired, eager faces are lifted to watch for the swinging back of the barriers. Some of the women faint and are hoisted over the shoulders of the crowd into safety.

Boom—boom—bo—o—m. Soft, rich, full of sonorous sweetness, the great bell of Czenstochowa tolls out its welcome, and at its tolling every head is uncovered, and the sacred sign is made by thousands of fluttering hands.

Then very slowly the heavy doors uncloise and the entire throng bows to the ground. Aristocrats, officers, tradespeople, peasants, bend side by side. For through the dusky gloom of the interior can be seen the glittering rows

of the tall wax candles which burn perpetually before the heavy silver and gold embroidered curtain veiling "the Heart of the Heart of Poland."

The organ breathes out a few chords as very quietly, three or four abreast, the pilgrims enter the building. And, when every square foot of the church is occupied, the doors fall to again, and those without must await their turn for admittance.

Most churches have their prominent characteristics, but it would be difficult to define exactly what is the chief characteristic of this tiny chapel of Czenstochowa. Its proportions are so small and yet so perfect. The tone of its coloring so soft and yet so resplendent. Like a deep whisper growing ever fuller and clearer, like the far-off murmur of the sea, the music swells out, and a mysterious Slavonic chant soars up towards the lofty rose and sapphire windows, up higher still into the golden mists of the roof. Such music! It seems to carry with it, as does the ocean, the whole awful burden of humanity; it seems to be the cries and prayers of centuries that have worn and beaten themselves out in tears and lamentation. It is the questioning of generations upon generations of pale existences seeking still to discover the why and the wherefore of their being—the call of suffering creation to the Creator.

And the door through which the hearts and untaught minds of these poor Polish people hope to pass into the presence of Him whom no man hath seen, or can see, is through the jewelled frame of the little picture of human love which hangs here behind this silver and golden curtain. Out, and up, and over all rises the glorious and now triumphant chanting. Sobs and choking sighs bear it company. Passionate, tear-filled Slav eyes are fixed on the high altar, now dimly seen through silvery clouds of incense

smoke. Amongst the scarcely breathing throng there is a sudden movement, a ripple of intense excitement, then, absolute stillness, for the music ceases. A tiny bell tinkles. The heavy curtains part asunder, and the picture becomes visible.

Just at first nothing can be seen but a small, almost black square set in a splendid frame of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, topazes, and pearls, with a background as of beaten gold.

Only a little square, black and battered by age! But as one looks more intently the shadowy countenances of a soft-faced Byzantine Virgin and Child seem to emerge, clear and awe-filling.

This poor picture of Love, how old it is! Not beautiful, the only intrinsic value and loveliness it possesses borrowed from its surroundings, and from the simple faith which seeks to adorn and adore the Ideal it so feebly strives to represent. This dingy painting is plainly the work of an artist more gifted with religious fervor than with genius. It might very well be the crude effort of the physician, St. Luke — whom tradition declares to be the artist. In the second century—so the historians relate—it was in Jerusalem, from hence it was taken to Constantinople, and from there, several centuries later, it was conveyed to Kieff, to be finally deposited in its present resting place. During the period of the Tartar raids, in the twelfth century, it almost met with destruction. On the faded painted faces of Mother and Child may be seen the scars of the desecrating Mongol arrows, scars which the credulous assert can never be obliterated till Poland regains her freedom. In the Swedish war, when Czenstochowa was invested, as a last resort the citizens carried the picture through the streets, and out on the ramparts, to encourage the troops, whereupon—as the story goes—a glory

descended upon the town, and after a twelve months' siege the invaders were forced to retire, discomfited. These are only a few of the extraordinary tales—wonder tales—which have been woven round this Polish relic.

Only for five minutes are these weary, affectionate pilgrims permitted to gaze at their treasure, to do honor to which they have tramped so many leagues in snow and wind. Then the curtain descends and again the organ peals out—"Eleison! Kyrie Eleison!—Christe Eleison!"—the sopranos, clear and angelic; the basses, solid and grand, as only Slavonic basses can be. An ecstasy of sound—then silence once more. The doors re-open. A flood of light streams in, searching out the brilliant tints in the clothing of the peasants as they rise and clatter out, as gently as their heavy footgear permits, making way for the second batch of worshippers to enter.

So they come and go, as the curtain rises and falls, and the hearts of those innocent, credulous, perhaps stupidly credulous, children are made happy.

To-day the portrait of its Virgin and Child forms part of the Polish loot of the Kaiser of Germany, and post-card copies of "The Heart of the Heart of Poland," are being sold in Berlin for a penny!

Czenstochowa stands to the southwest of Russian Poland just over the frontier, within striking distance of the German army of invasion. And, knowing the veneration with which the Poles regard this church and picture, the Kaiser published, through his secret agents, a statement to the effect that this Virgin and Child had appeared to him in a vision, and with tears commanded him to rescue their Shrine from the Russians. He went on to inform the Poles that such was his intention, and advised them in forcible terms to render him such assistance as he might require. Amongst

the many bribes he offered for Polish support was money and many rare jewels and fresh decorations—in German taste—for the shrine.

But the Poles tore this proclamation into shreds, and the Kaiser promptly received a reply stating that he might betake himself and his money to the Devil from whom both he and it had come, for "neither we, the people of Poland, nor our religions are for sale."

Furious at this answer, when the German Army arrived in Czenstochowa the usual atrocities and outrages were perpetrated. The church was desecrated and its picture was wrenched from its frame and dispatched to Germany. And, finally, to the dazed horror of the citizens and all Poles, a vulgar portrait of the Kaiser in uniform was raised above the dismantled altar, lights were placed before it, and the wretched people were daily driven in by the brutal German soldiers to kneel before the picture of the man whom they regard as the Devil incarnate. Presumably the Kaiser thought by this means to terrorize the Poles. They regarded their Virgin and Child as all-powerful—he would prove to them that he was stronger. But he little understood the Slavonic character. This incident, by which he hoped to cow a spirited people into subjection, has undoubtedly caused the Poles to stiffen their backs, and has had the result of bringing Polish Catholics and the followers of the Russian Orthodox faith to a better understanding. The relic is revered by Poles and Russians equally, and by insulting the shrine of Czenstochowa the Kaiser has merely managed to insult both peoples and both religions.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> According to the most recent information from Poland it appears that the Germans have begun to realize their error in desecrating the shrine of Czenstochowa, and that a replica of the famous picture has replaced the portrait of the Kaiser which for a time was hung over the high altar. But the peasants of Poland now regard the German Emperor as the representative of Satan, if not Satan himself in human form.

Probably the most remarkable result of the present awful conflict in Russian Poland, and in fact throughout the whole of the dismembered kingdom, is the quickening of Slavonic racial sentiment. This sentiment has been quietly developing for the last few years, in proportion as the peasant class has become more emancipated and better educated. Little by little, under Russian rule, which is not nearly so black as it has been painted, great industrial and commercial centres have sprung to life; Polish exports have increased, and Polish as well as Russian schools and colleges have greatly improved. The old policy and methods of oppression exist no longer. The time has passed when Russian Poles were forbidden to wear their national costume or sing their national songs. Only one song—the national hymn of Poland—was tabooed last year, and since the war the singing of even this is not only permitted but actually encouraged. Russia long since recognized the fact—which Germany has failed to do—that it is utterly impossible to assimilate Poland. Russia herself has found her Slavonic soul since one hundred and seventeen years ago she set to work to crush the same Slavonic soul out of Poland. For years both countries have been victims of their own individualism. And now, through the blood-red smoke of war, in which both suffer together, they are catching glimpses of the road which will lead them victoriously out of this agony to true racial Imperialism. Poles never failed of late to remark that the scattered Slav races must, within the near future, combine together to resist Teutonic aggression. Russia is the Slav country possessed of the vastest wealth, of power incalculable, of the greatest population—no less than one hundred and seventy millions—and she has given proof within late years that she means to

change the policy which was really the invention of the German Bureaucrats that governed her for a century. Accordingly Polish leaders now acknowledge, some grudgingly, some frankly, that Poles and Russians, belonging to one race, speaking one tongue, must stand together in defence of a common nationality. Even before the outbreak of hostilities the Poles had tacitly ranged themselves alongside Russia against Teutonic aggression, which they were much too intelligent a people not to know was as much Poland's business to combat as it was Russia's.

Then came the crash, and above the turmoil trumpet clear rang out the Czar's proclamation of universal Slav liberty, and the restoration of the Kingdom of Poland. And a hurricane of racial recognition, gratitude and love swept through every Polish heart for the quiet Emperor, the first of his house to shake off the obnoxious Prussian influence, the first of his house to greet the oppressed and scattered Slav peoples—whether in Poland, in Bosnia, in Serbia, whether within or without his dominions, as brothers and fellow soldiers in arms against the same foe.

"Even if the Emperor had not made this proclamation," declared one of the Polish Nationalist members of the Duma, "we Poles would have stood beside our Russian kinsmen. But this proclamation has given us strength and hope. For we know now that our national desire is, at last, to be realized, which desire is not opposed to Russian Imperialism, but in favor of it. For, as a free Slav nation, Poland will stand on Russia's western frontier, a strong bulwark against the Teuton."

The feeling of the Poles to-day towards Russia is well expressed in the words of another prominent Polish Nationalist, formerly a bitter opponent of all things Russian. "This war will

mean the resurrection of the whole Slavonic world. Russia may, after all, prove herself the deliverer and avenger of the subjected Slavs. It is insolent and ignorant of Germany and Austria-Hungary to suggest that they will find an ally in Poland against Russia. The hour of Slavonic freedom and justice has struck. The weaker and submerged Slav nations and peoples are to-day ready to endure anything rather than, jointly with German foreigners, lift up their hands against their brother Slavs, and against France, Poland's former friend. So let the politicians in Berlin and Vienna understand that, in our opinion, a war against Russia means a struggle against the liberty of the Slavs of the West as well as against the Slavs of the East. Better Muscovite any day than Teutonic supremacy."

Russian is still the language of instruction in nearly all of the Warsaw schools. Of late the severity with which it was enforced upon the pupils, and the antagonism which it met with, has almost vanished. This has not, however, been the case in German Poland, where the bitterness existing between the Prussian rulers and the Slav ruled has been steadily on the increase.

Picture the state of this country to-day. The atrocities perpetrated by the Germans in Belgium and France are mild compared with those which they have committed in Poland. Picture this land, always melancholy, desolate, and poor, given over to the destroyer. Across its steppes, at this season of the year parched by the scorching summer sun, the dust is blowing up before a hot wind in choking clouds. And realize, if possible, that this dust, which covers everything with a gray mantle, is the dust of that which was living humanity this time last year. The dust of thousands upon thousands of half-buried corpses.

Borne upon the stifling breeze comes an awful, almost insupportable stench of death. Here and there dotted over the wilderness are miserable villages, consisting, as everywhere throughout Poland, of two parallel rows of thatched hovels, separated by a track, now inches deep in powdery dust, in winter ankle high in oily mire. It is well to remember what these villages look like, for it seems probable that but few of them will survive the tempest of destruction which has burst upon the country. Wooden gates and high wooden fences separate these hovels from the so-named road. The always-present village ponds have dried up and become merely holes of sticky, evil-smelling mud. Flies infest everything, carrying poison and fever to the living from the dead. The surrounding fields are untilled, for the wretched people have no heart to cultivate land which to-morrow may be swarming with "the devils in gray."<sup>2</sup> The manure heaps—which are stacked by the side of every hovel—fizzle and reek in the white sunlight.

Picture one village in particular, which is, after all, only one of many that have met the same fate. Groups of the frightened inhabitants are clustered in the road between the two rows of tumble-down houses. Some still make a pretence at carrying on their simple occupations, but the greater number of them are too stunned to indulge in any activity. The heat is oppressive and sickness is rife. Very many new crosses rear themselves up over there in the cemetery, where the freshly-made graves are all small. For pestilence takes the children first. The faces of those who remain are haggard, sallow, ghastly. Up in the small white-washed church at the end of the village street the old priest is about to say vespers and his people kneel around him. Only the rustling of the

wind through the willows and amongst the shivering poplars, the crying of the wild fowl on the mist-obscured marshes, the lowing of the untended cattle in the fields, the shuffling of feet, and the whining voice of the old priest disturbs the ominous silence. Dusk falls, and then the night; and on the wings of night rides up the storm so long expected. A light—not of the moon—angers the sky above the dark belt of pine forest fringing the low horizon. Then a great burst of flame rushes up into the silver-dusted heavens, followed by a second flame, and by a third. And from very far off comes the rumble of thunder—not altogether like thunder, for it never ceases, and seems to gather strength—till, with an awful crash, it shakes the very earth. The whole sky is now crimson. Now come wild shrieks. Doors open, and every hovel disgorges its inmates. Mothers grasp their babies, old people one another, the girls stand mute—paralyzed—for they have heard of the fate which befell their sisters in Kielce, in Krzepice, in Turek, in Sieradz. And redder still blazes the horizon, nearer rumbles the thunder of the cannon. "To the Church!" cries someone, and, like a covey of terrified birds, women, old people, children—there are no able-bodied men left in the place—whirl up towards their poor sanctuary. But what use to pray? God has forgotten them as He forgot the innocent in Kielce, in Sieradz. What use to pray when "the gray devils" have taken down their Little Virgin from her shrine and desecrated Poland's "Holy Place"?

They will pray no more, neither will they attempt to escape, for the plains are infested with the devils.

They will do as the bravest Polish folk now do. They will fire their village and destroy themselves. Better death than dishonor and out-

<sup>2</sup> The name given by the Poles to the Germans.

rage. And the thunder rolls nearer!

Each family enters its hovel and every door is closed. Half an hour—and then, from beneath the dilapidated wooden doorways, from under the overhanging thatch of the weed-grown roofs, through the one-paned windows, hungry, fiery tongues of flame shoot out, curl up, and ripple on. Black

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volumes of smoke vomit through the chimneys, through every crevice. Another quarter of an hour—Polish hovels are old and dry—and the village has gone like the rest, and those who inhabited it have joined their neighbors—eternal witnesses against the “devils in gray”—the Kaiser William’s Knights of Teutonic culture.<sup>3</sup>

*William F. Bailey.*

## THE COFFIN SHIP.

(Concluded.)

Now came the most trying hours of all, when there no longer remained anything possible to do, when hands fell on inaction, and bodies were free to feel sore and cold, and minds were vacant of everything but an animal despondency. Olsen lit a fire on the iron floor by the boilers, and here, for the most part, the miserable men crouched during the rest of the day and the following night. Elderkin, after he had slept the sudden and overpowering sleep of the worn-out man, awoke to his first doubts. As long as there had been continuous need for action, that and the stern joy of a fight had shut out everything else for him; now there was nothing to be done but hoist the inner jib when she came up too much into the wind and lower it when she paid off again, a need so recurring it was almost mechanical, he became as much a prey to inner questionings as his ship was to the winds. What tormented him was the thought that if the *Spirito Santo* had foundered in this south-west gale, all hands would have inevitably been lost, whereas had he kept by his agreement to scuttle her earlier all could probably have been saved. Was he then become a murderer by having decided as he had, and would it have been more

righteous to keep on his evil course? Elderkin, to whom, for the first time, the lives of his men had become of a value other than commercial, was tormented by the thought of the three washed overboard by the great wave; and the curses of the man who had died a few hours after his legs were shattered re-echoed through his mind. It was not so much that these men had met death—Elderkin had too often stared it in the face to think overmuch of that—but that they were cut off in the midst of their sins, with blasphemies on lip and soul. Elderkin’s creed allowed of no gracious after-chances; he saw the entities he had known and bullied in the flesh, as having become blind particles of consciousness burning in undying fires . . .

With dawn and a further dropping of the wind, which had been lessening all night, he searched again the pages of his Bible, and he followed the instinctive trail of human nature when he thrust niceties of values from him, and determined to hold by what was right and wrong at the springs of his action. When he went out on to the

<sup>3</sup> During the last few months the villagers in Poland have resorted to burning themselves alive in their homes rather than fall into German hands.

poop and met the crisp but now friendly wind, saw the glitter of sunshine on peacock waves, that still broke into white crests, but without malignance, he knew that the Lord was on his side. How was it possible he had ever thought otherwise? He must indeed be weak in the ways of grace that his first testing should awake such questionings within him. As the weight of despondency and sick dread fell off him in the cold sunlight, Elderkin flung up his arms and shouted for joy. Lemaire, crawling up, found him on his knees upon the top of the battered chart-house, improvising a prayer of thanksgiving.

All that day the men worked at rigging a jury-rudder and patching up the port bulwarks. Then Olsen, who kept them as doggedly at it as the skipper himself, conceived a plan whereby his engines could once again play a part. He collected sheet-iron and stout pieces of wood, and with these he contrived a jury-funnel, fitting steam-jets at the base to maintain the draught to the furnaces. The freakish erection held together well, though it looked oddly stumpy in place of the thin, raking smoke-stack. Olsen secured it by guys of iron chain. At last all was complete, and once again a plume of dirty smoke trailed from between the sticks of the *Spirito Santo*. The men slept as they fell, but by then the rudder and smoke-stack had converted her from a blind cripple into an intelligent whole which could work independently of the direction of wind and current. A further stage of the battle was won, and with every victory Elderkin felt greater confidence in the Lord and in himself.

By the next day it had grown very cold, and the men began to prepare shapeless and weather-worn garments against the bitterness of the Horn. Even Lemaire, who kept on repeating sullenly that they could never

round it, knew that the only chance now was to carry on, and, his face seeming to pale with the first breath of the cold, hugged himself in a great padded coat. Food was already beginning to run short, and only by serving out double quantities of the raw West Indian rum were the men kept going at all. The ship herself could be heartened with no such encouragement, and although she was now snoring at a fair pace through the smother of foam that kept the lee scuppers covered with a running river, yet her foul sides and wicked loading absorbed half her speed. She was a wet ship at the best of times—now she was sodden to her trucks, and the showers of icy rain that blew down on the westerly gale every now and then wetted in a worse fashion, for rain-water chills to the bone right through oilskins. One day an exhausted Cape pigeon fell on board, and the little bird was eaten raw by the first man who got to it. Sometimes a great albatross sailed on level unmoving wings around the laboring ship, and mollymawks screamed and circled, but none fell a victim to the hungry crew. There was a certain amount of salt junk left aboard, but the chief diet was nothing but hard tack, and that was mouldy. Elderkin remained unmoved by any consideration save how to get her round the Horn, and he made Olsen save the dwindling fuel as much as possible for the attempt, lest they should be kept beating back and forth for weeks till exhaustion of the ship and men sent them under. So the days went on, and the great Cape Horn graybeards rolled up with glistening flanks and white crests that broke and poured down them in thunder. Cold rains, wind squalls, her own condition and that of the men aboard her, all fought against the *Spirito Santo* till it seemed as though the strongly-set will of her captain were the only thing

that kept her alive—alive and obedient, however sulky, to the intelligence that drove her.

Still she kept going, steaming and sailing into the stormy sunsets, till at last she was off Cape Stiff itself, showing unspeakably bleak and gaunt through the driving mist; only now and then were the black cliffs visible, going down into a smoking line of foam.

If a bad storm had hit her off the promontory nothing could have saved her, but the wind, though the strong westerly gale of the "roaring forties," held less of violence than ordinary; and although she rolled till it seemed she would dip her yards, and the water could hardly be pumped out of her as fast as it poured in, yet she pulled through, as she had pulled through the southwesterly gale and the disasters that followed. Elderkin, who had somehow expected his great tussle off the Horn, felt an odd sensation that was almost disappointment.

On looking back afterwards, Elderkin saw that the voyage was, as it were, divided clearly into two by the passing of the Horn—on the Pacific side the actual physical blows of material damage and storm, on the Atlantic the more wearing struggle against spiritual opposition. The men, headed by Lemaire, began to murmur.

For one thing, the last possible scrap of fuel had been burned by the time they were passing the Falklands, and they were left with nothing but their canvas to carry them home. As far as keeping her steady went, she was better under sail than steam; and also, like every true sailor, Elderkin felt more in harmony with the weather when using only canvas. For a steamer goes independently of the wind, ignores it, shoves her nose in its face, and the wind pays her back by becoming an enemy; but a sailing-ship lives by wind, humors it, coaxes the last hair's

breadth of it, and the wind, flattered, ignores how all the time it is being managed and made of use.

But the sails of the *Spirito Santo* were old and mildewed, she carried little spare canvas, and, worst of all, if they should come into a calm, those on board her might starve to death before they sighted help. All these things the men knew, and knowing, began to rebel. Lemaire, too, no longer seconded Elderkin, and he and Olsen bore the burden of nigger-driving alone—and Olsen, although he was loyal, made his discontent apparent. A terrible loneliness of mind fell upon Elderkin. He felt himself accused of all men, but he still held on; each successive incident of his fight, instead of wearing his resistance down, went to strengthen it. The crisis came when after weeks of crawling and standing still, hurrying on with any advantage of breeze that presented itself, yet afraid to carry too much canvas, the *Spirito Santo* was nearing the fortieth parallel once more.

It was a gray, squally day, with the south-westerly wind keeping the sails bellied forward, and the gusts of rain driving so hard that the water in the brimming scuppers was lashed to paleness; the pumps were in pretty constant use now, and the fetid bilge-water washed over the decks in floods of a dark-reddish color, as though the *Spirito Santo* were bleeding internally. A sullen moodiness held air and sea and the mind of those who looked; that grinding reluctance of the *Spirito Santo* had passed into the men's bones; they moved slowly if ordered to do anything, their shrunk flesh was a mass of sea-boils, and, since the lime-juice and potatoes were exhausted, scurvy had broken out. Elderkin himself looked like some medieval picture of the Baptist; he had grown a beard that came to a sparse point, and his sombre eyes glowed from behind the

disordered streaks of hair that fell over them, while his skin, so tightly stretched over the bones, had taken on a waxen texture. To the men who came crowding on to the after-deck to voice their resentment he had the air of a madman, as he stood erect at the break of the poop, his figure dark against the gray pallor of the sky. For a few moments he stood scanning them quietly, and they stared back at him. In marshalling them where he had, Lemaire had made an error in psychology; for the mere fact that they had to look up to Elderkin on the poop affected both him and them unconsciously.

"What do you want?" asked the skipper quietly. Lemaire stepped forward as spokesman.

"We want to get off this ship and make for shore, dat's what we want, and dat's what we'll do."

"Ah . . . how?"

"We'll take de law into our own hands. If we sink her now we can make for de mout' of de Plate, or we might be picked up sooner. I've told de men; I've told how we was all goin' to be rich an' safe and would have been trowin' our money around shore by now if you hadn't got de praise-de-lord bug in your head——"

"What Massa Lemaire say quite true, sah," called out a burly negro, whose black face was grayed over in patches from disease, "an' we aren't goin' to stand dis any longer. If you won't sink her we're goin' to, or we'll all be dead men."

"We're dead now, dead and rotting," shrieked the bo'sun, on a sudden note of frenzy that pierced the air like a thrown blade; "who ever saw live men rot?" And he held up a hand which scurvy, on an open wound, had literally rotted so that the tendons hung down like weed. He shook the maimed thing at Elderkin. "Look at this . . ." "And this . . ." "And

this . . ." came up to Elderkin in angry shouts. The men, intoxicated by the sudden venting of their wrongs, began to swarm up the ladders to the poop deck.

Elderkin felt new life urge through his veins, the pressure of the dead weeks behind sloughed off him, as the thinning veils of sleep drop away from the waking consciousness in the morning. He did not pull out his gun, but kept his hands in his pockets and faced the snarling, tentative, ugly pack of them.

Then he talked, not raising his voice more than was needful for the grinding and creaking of the ship's labor and the weary complaining of the wind-tortured rigging.

"So you'd mutiny, would you?" he began in his soft voice; "well, first you'll listen to me. Down off that gangway, you there, . . . that's better. Well, I guess I know what you men are saying to yourselves—that I'm one man against the lot of you, and now we're no longer fighting to keep the ship afloat for our lives you can easy get the better of me. That's what you're thinking, isn't it?"

A murmur of assent, half-threatening, half-shamefaced, came from below. To Elderkin, looking down, the men appeared as blots of deeper color against the pale glimmer of the wet deck; their upturned faces had the abrupt foreshortening that imparts a touch of the ludicrous, but those faces were set in folds which told of hardened determination, behind the swellings and boils which glistened in the watery light, so that Elderkin could see each disfigurement as clearly as pebbles in a pool unshaded from the sky.

"The mate tells you you'll get a lot of money if you go home and say you've sunk the ship. You won't. He will, as Judas did for betraying his Lord, but you'll just be got rid of, if

you don't keep your mouths shut. You're wrong, as you've been all your lives, as I've been till now. But I've a stronger man on my side than all of you herring-gutted sons of a gun would make rolled together. I've the Lord on my side. You think nothing of that, do you? The Lord's up in Heaven and won't notice what you do, and you ain't feared of the likes of Him anyway. . . . Aren't you? Why d'you think it is you have bloody sacrifices there in the fo'c'sle—oh yes, I know about it all—why d'you suppose you cringe to that nigger there?—pointing to the mate—"with his black history of murdered children and flesh eaten in secret when the sacred drum beats at the full of the moon? Why d'you suppose you're scared sick of a dirty bug and a bit of wool in an old bottle, or of my Bible that I've set up on a shelf? It's because you know there's something behind—behind your ju-jus and behind my ju-ju. . . . You not fear the Lord! Why, you fear Him with every devilish performance you concoct. You're afraid all the time—of the something behind. And my ju-ju is greater than your ju-ju, so you're more afraid of mine, and of me. Could your ju-ju bring you through the great storm alive? All of you—and that damned baby-eater there—you was all yelling at your ju-jus and they couldn't wag one of their accursed fingers to help you. Who saved you and brought you out alive? White men and the white men's God. You know there's something behind, and that what's behind me is bigger'n what's behind you. . . ."

He suddenly pulled his hand out of the capacious pocket of his coat, and the men cowered swiftly, but instead of a gun he held his Bible out over the rail, threatening them not with its insignificant fabric but with its unknown import. A couple of Jamaican negroes fell on their knees and writhed upon

the deck, making uncouth noises, their eyes turning palely upwards, their limbs convulsed.

"Praise de Lord!" they yelled, "praise de Lord wid us, brudders! End of de world and judgment comin'. Save us, massa, save us. . . ." And a dago from the southern continent fell to crossing himself and gabbling his prayers.

"You fools!" cried Lemaire, thrusting through the heaving knot of men, "don't you listen to his talk. Talk won't fill our stomachs or cure our skins. How's he going to feed you? Ask him dat."

"Yes—what are we to eat? Give us food and we'll keep on!" shouted the bo'sun. "Can your God make food?"

"My God provided manna for the children of Israel in the wilderness, and He'll provide for us now if we trust in Him. He will send us meat for our bellies and drink for our throats."

"How . . . ? Where is it, dis food?" taunted Lemaire; and Elderkin, his hand pointing, answered, "There. . . ."

The men swung round to gaze, and saw, a fugitive gleam of sunlight on her shining tower of cotton canvas, a great four-masted American barque beating to windward only a few miles away. Elderkin and his ju-ju were saved, and Lemaire's vision of dollars was routed by the men's vision of food. The distress signals were run up, and by that night the *Spirito Santo* carried enough provisions of a rude kind to last her, with care and luck—meaning a rigid discipline of practically wreck-rations, and fair winds—to see her safely home again. Elderkin thought that at last the testings of his faith were over, that the weary ship would blow towards port on a divinely-appointed wind, and that his sacrifice and conversion were accepted on high. For the image he had

had in his mind on that day of revelation in the chart-house had been of one Titanic struggle, not of this succession of conflicts which sometimes rose to crisis point, but more often meant fighting against the terrible depression of day after day's inaction, driven half-crazy by the unceasing moaning of the rigging. Sustained bad weather gets on a sailor's nerves not because of any danger but simply by dint of the repetition of noises; there is only one thing more unbearable to mind and temper, and that is to be becalmed. Thought of any such happening was far from those on board the *Spirito Santo*, for the south-western wind urged her on past the Plate, and then a baffling head wind blew out of the treacherous skies, and for over a week she beat back and forth, making hardly any headway. The rations were still further reduced, and then, just as the men were beginning to make trouble again, the *Spirito Santo* caught up with the south-west trades. Once again she made the seas roar past her, for now, regardless of her depth in the water, Elderkin made all the sail he could. Day after day slipped past with the slipping foam, and the gaunt creatures aboard felt a stirring of relief. And then, in the Doldrums, they ran into a dead calm. . . .

Only any one who has been becalmed on a tropical sea knows the terror that it is. Of all feelings of helplessness it is probably the most acute. Without steam or motor a ship is as powerless as though she were anchored to the sea-bottom with iron cables. Men have gone mad of it, and men did go mad of it in the starving *Spirito Santo*. She lay, as famished for a breeze as they for bread, upon a surface of molten glass, her sails limp as a dead bird's wing, the pitch soft in her seams, and the only sound in the circle of the horizon the faint

creak-creak of her yards against the masts. Cabins and forecastle were unbearable, yet on deck the vertical sun had driven all but the thinnest lines of shadow out of being. The nights were almost as hot as the days, and always the false cross gleamed from a cloudless sky, and the true cross swam up lying on her back and trailing the pointers behind her, slowly righting herself as she rose, and driving the pitiless brilliancy of the Milky Way before her. The drinking-water, what there was of it, stank; and the dried mouths of the men could hardly manage the mouldy hard-tack which captain and crew shared alike. And there was nothing to be done, nothing that could be done. The men were past revolt now, they could only shamble dizzily about. There was nothing to be done,—except pray, and Elderkin prayed though his lips moved almost soundlessly. He thought much these days, and he remembered—probably because of the dead stillness around—an old seafaring fable that in the calm heart of a cyclone life is to be found—that there birds and butterflies of every size and color crowd, till the air is hung with brightness. He saw the individual soul of man as the hollow calm in the midst of life, cut off by the circling storm from all other air, and told himself that it could be the refuge for beauties of praise, . . . he strove to make this aching solitude of mind, wherein he was, rich as the fabled heart of the cyclone. . . .

Then, just as the first faint breath made her ripple the water at her bows, he discovered that, worn out by her successive batterings, the *Spirito Santo* was literally falling apart. He looked over her side and saw that she was spewing oakum from her seams, while she settled lower and lower in the water.

The discovery acted like cool wind

on Elderkin—it was unthinkable that they should perish now, not so very far from home, after all he had won through, and he prepared to meet this disaster also. He had prudently kept one last cask of rum unbroached, and this fluid life he now served out to the men. Then he drove them, as before with gun or Bible, but this time with rum,—drove them to the task of trapping the leaking ship. Four great chain cables were passed under her and hove tight with Spanish windlasses on deck—a series of giant tourniquets to keep in her life. And when that too was accomplished, it was as though the power above at last was satisfied, and the wind strengthened that was to bear the *Spirito Santo* home.

Nearly six months after leaving port with provisions enough for one—with her rotten ratlines hanging in little tags, her-jury smoke-stack idle between the patched sails that seemed as though one more puff of wind would tear them from the battered yards, her

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spewing sides kept together with cables, and her broken bulwarks level with the water—a nightmare vessel manned by ghosts—she crawled into the roadstead at Port of Spain.

For a few years after, a ragged white man haunted the drink-shops of the Islands and hung about the ports—a man without a ship. For the owners of the *Spirito Santo* were broken by the safe return of that faked cargo, but they passed the word round that her skipper was to be broken too. He who had been so self-controlled in the old unregenerate days now drank steadily, but it was only when he was very drunk that he talked. And even then it was difficult to make out what he said—it was all such a jumble of some strange fight between two ships, and of how the ways of the Lord were so mysterious that it was often impossible for a man to tell upon which side righteousness might be found.

*F. Tennyson Jesse.*

### THE FUTURE OF THE SUBMARINE.

The present position of the submarine question is perhaps more satisfactory to ourselves than to America. The celebrations on the other side of the Atlantic of the great "peaceful victory" achieved by President Wilson's diplomacy were rudely disturbed by the sinking of two more liners within the space of a week—one of them certainly without warning—and satisfaction has given place to bewilderment and more widespread anger than has been in evidence at any previous stage of the controversy. It is certainly for the United States a very humiliating position. For months Germany has been treating the President's representations with an indifference

which courteous forms have scarcely veiled; and when the *Arabic* was sunk matters reached a point at which the continuance of ordinary diplomatic methods of protest would have amounted to a confession of impotence fatal to American prestige throughout the world. The question then was whether President Wilson would rise to the occasion—or not. But at this critical moment came Count Bernstorff's promise in the name of the German Government that in future no liner would be sunk without warning, and the President's position was saved—indeed more than saved—without recourse to the active measures which he had so long striven to avoid. His pa-

tience and forbearance were suddenly seen—at all events by the American public—in a new and much more favorable light, and the credit of America amongst the nations stood high once more. Even Mr. Roosevelt was satisfied. But within a day or two of this notable triumph came the news of the most serious and apparently the most wanton insult that Germany has yet offered to America—namely, the sinking of the *Hesperian*. It was as if the Kaiser's Government had deliberately flattered the *amour propre* of the American people merely for the sake of making its real contempt for them the more emphatic.

This explanation of the mystery, however, is not, we think, one which will commend itself to any calm observer. It is not credible that the German Government wished to insult America in this outrageous fashion. Its promise was, no doubt, worded in such a way as to leave loopholes for almost any line of conduct which it might subsequently think it advantageous to adopt, but it was meant to be kept, in the letter at all events. The only alternative explanation that has been offered, however, is a difficult one to accept. It is that the German Admiralty had not had time to communicate its changed policy to the commanders of submarines at sea. But, according to Count Bernstorff, the decision was arrived at before the sinking of the *Arabic*, so that there was a clear fortnight at least during which the submarine which sank the *Hesperian* might have been warned. A submarine might be away from port for more than that period, but are we to believe that it could not be communicated with either by wireless or otherwise? It is conceivable that such was the case, but it is more likely, we suggest, that the submarine commander either misunderstood or ignored his instructions. At all events

it is easier to accept either of these hypotheses than the hypothesis of a wanton breach of faith. If Germany wished to break with the United States—which she palpably does not—she would hardly take so much unnecessary trouble to put herself in the wrong. We do not doubt, therefore, that the promise will be renewed with suitable apologies in due course, and that President Wilson will once more be able to receive the congratulations of his friends.

But we in Great Britain have more solid grounds for satisfaction, for it is gradually becoming known that the submarine campaign has failed a good deal more completely than most of us had dared to hope it would. The Government has not yet made any definite statement with regard to the results of our anti-submarine campaign. We hope that it will see fit to do so in the near future. But in the meantime we are permitted to know that the measure of the submarine has been taken and that for the future limitation of its activities we possess guarantees far more secure than any promises that the German Government might choose to make. It is not, indeed, too much to say that the German "concessions" have only come when there is no longer any need for them, and that if Germany had any hope of making her submarine blockade effective, or even of maintaining her past level of success, they would not have come at all. As it is they will serve as a most convenient excuse for the abandonment or restriction of a campaign which in any case would have had to be abandoned or restricted. No one will grudge President Wilson the credit which will accrue to him for his diplomatic success, but the fact remains that he will owe that success in the main to the work of the British Navy.

It is not, of course, to be assumed

that the new measures and tactics which the Navy has developed during the past year have destroyed the power of the submarine. The submarine remains a weapon of great value and importance, especially for defensive purposes in the immediate neighborhood of its base. But experience has shown that its scope as a weapon of attack at points far removed from its base is definitely limited in certain ways. Such attacks may be carried out and a certain proportion of them will succeed, but only at a prohibitive cost. The life of a submarine engaged in such work is short, and even if it can contrive to sink an amount of enemy shipping equal to itself in value before it is destroyed it has to face the difficulty that even the bravest of men will draw back when the prospect of death in a trap passes from a risk into a practical certainty of which the date alone is doubtful. It is an accepted principle of military science that it is impossible to continue an attack with a given regiment after its losses have reached a certain point; the proportion of losses which soldiers will stand without losing their capacity to advance differs in different armies and under different systems of discipline and is said generally to get lower as men pass from recruits into veterans; but it always exists as a factor which the military authorities must take into account. In naval affairs there is doubtless an analogous limitation. If more than a certain proportion of submarines which leave port never return, and if this high proportion goes on month after month so that every submarine in its turn gets destroyed—though new ones may be built in the meantime—it is easy to understand that the difficulty of finding fresh crews may become acute and ultimately decisive.

The problem therefore for the British Navy is, and has been, to find

means not so much of directly protecting merchant vessels as of destroying as many submarines as possible in the shortest possible time; and that problem appears to have been solved in an eminently satisfactory manner. If Germany is to maintain her submarine activity, still more if she is to increase it, she must find and train an ever-increasing number of fresh men for this service; and there are excellent reasons for supposing that this is the rock on which Admiral von Tirpitz's schemes have founded.

Broadly, and writing without any assumption of technical or special knowledge, we may surmise that as far as the experience of this war goes the submarine is not destined to revolutionize naval warfare, nor probably to imperil the security of these islands. It is true that its full possibilities have by no means yet been fully developed, but however much it may be improved in the future there is no reason to suppose that surface vessels will not always retain their relative superiority in point of speed, gun-power, invulnerability and capacity to see where they are going. And it is precisely because of the inferiority of the submarine in these respects that the present German submarine campaign has been checked. It has frequently been said that the submarine is the weapon of the weaker Power, but even that much is at least doubtful. No doubt the submarine will always be very useful to the weaker Power for the purpose of coastal defence, but it may well be found that the only Power which can employ it effectively in practice for the purposes of attack on the high seas is the Power which has command of the sea, and which, therefore, has little need to employ it in that way. If these conclusions are admitted it follows that Great Britain has as little to fear from the future

as from the present development of the submarine. Our naval supremacy and security will not be threatened from that direction.

The New Statesman.

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### MORE PEACE CHATTER.

As has been anticipated by those watching the course of the war outside the immediate areas of conflict, and as we have always advised our readers to expect, an occasion like the present was certain to revive the German endeavors to secure peace, or at least to create a pacific atmosphere favorable to their pretensions. Almost exactly a year ago a similar attempt was made in conditions which, though superficially they do not seem to resemble the state of affairs now prevailing, in fact suggested the same specious grounds for bargaining, and demanded with almost equal urgency some move by Germany to establish a final credit balance of gains and losses. A year ago, the supremacy of the British Fleet had been demonstrated to be even more absolute in practice than it had been on paper, the great rush on Paris had been stemmed and broken, the German Army was retiring and, as we can now see, might have been thrust back on the Rhine had the Allies possessed a slightly larger strength and enjoyed a slightly larger share of good management or good fortune, the original plan for the war had been blown to shreds, the Austrians had shown their weakness in the field, and the Russian menace loomed ahead; on the other hand Germany was in occupation of a considerable part of Belgium and of French provinces important to both sides by reason of their raw material and industries, the second stroke of the Central Powers had yet to be made, and the marvellous adaptation of their strategy to the campaign which has since been waged, had not

come into play. At the present moment Germany has enlarged her physical hold over the territory of her enemies, though only in the East, she has overborne the first offensive of Russia and is still on the crest of her advance into that country, but these results, the maintenance of her lines in the West and her inroad into the vast spaces between the Vistula and Siberia, have cost her all her best man-power, and are now depleting the remaining sum of her resources in men, while her stores of money and in some cases of indispensable commodities are nearing exhaustion. In September of last year the short and sweeping campaign had failed, its time limit was bound to be exceeded; today the limits of the longer campaign of endurance are easily perceptible by those who know the truth in Germany. If no definite conclusion can be obtained against Russia through a separate peace or by crushing her military resistance for good and all, then Germany with diminishing armies and a narrow financial and material reserve must confront always increased numbers, backed by more abundant supplies and a deeper purse, and equipped with adequate guns and ammunition. This arithmetically provable forecast, though encouraging, warrants neither over-confidence nor inertia; on the contrary, inasmuch as it lies with us in Britain to develop the last elements of this superiority which depends only on our political guidance and our resolution, our means being well assured, there rests on our shoulders the gravest responsibility.

It is no wonder that in these cir-

cumstances Germany should sound neutral opinion, which for practical purposes is opinion in the United States, as to the chances of a settlement on terms advantageous to herself. These terms, whatever they may be, are not ideal from the German point of view; they are not worth the bones of over half a million Grenadiers and other good fighting men, but, having lost so much treasure and so many lives, and being in danger of losing all, Germany would be willing to ask no more than might appear reasonable to those who stand remote from the struggle and are predisposed towards peace. Naturally the latest versions of a basis of agreement, like their predecessors, have no official authority; every negotiation of this kind is put forward through agencies which can be repudiated at need, but it is impossible to dissociate the wider aspects of the war from the presentation by Cardinal Gibbons of "a message of peace" to President Wilson, from a statement by a writer in close touch with the German Embassy of a series of postulates on which Germany would call a truce, and a similar series appearing in the Hearst organs. We have dealt with the main conditions affecting the combatants at the moment, but we must also bear in mind a recent phase which influences the designed intermediary. Such facts as are generally known with regard to the enemy's submarine warfare must convince any impartial person that it has been a thorough fiasco for all its toll of innocent lives and private property; it has neither starved nor terrified us, so it has failed. But those with fuller knowledge on both sides are aware, as Dr. Wilson must be aware if he has inquired, that it has been a most expensive failure and that it is not worth carrying on at the price. Mr. Balfour has summed up the situation in an incisive letter, and there is

no escaping his conclusions which derive additional weight from the time which he has chosen for setting them forth. If however the submarine programme were abandoned simpliciter, it would be an intolerable confession of empty boastfulness and persistent blundering which would shock the sensitive nerves of Germany. But if it were modified in recognition of the humane principles enunciated by a sagacious President, a view conveyed to America, and if it were curtailed in return for the good offices of a friendly Republic, a view disseminated for home consumption, out of failure some modicum of success might be retrieved. That the hope of swaying opinion in America is not altogether vain may be gathered from the chorus of praise which greeted Bernstorff's dubious and involuntary assurances regarding the future submarine policy of Germany and the general feeling which is eager to treat the sinking of the *Hesperian* as a regrettable accident. Pacifism with the other isms which have replaced the Beatitudes is an idée fixe in the American mind, and it matches admirably with American business interests. The patronage of the Holy Father and the quite significant bait thrown out to the Jews in both versions of Germany's terms will purchase thousands of votes for an attempted settlement. And the idea of acting as the peacemaker in the greatest struggle which has convulsed the world must be attractive to the President. It will not however blind his commonsense to the advisability of delay until he is approached by both parties. His tried gift of patience should enable him to await this somewhat remote contingency with becoming dignity.

The plain truth of the situation is, as has been recognized by the less sentimental sections of the American Press, that the Allies will not seek in-

tervention in any quarter until they are beaten, and they do not expect that if and when they are beaten the rigorous terms offered them will be greatly modified by any third party. In fact there is no third party to this contest. There is neither policeman nor tribunal with authority to arrest, judge, and compel obedience. Had there been, the flagrant violations of the Hague pledges and those darker outrages against the laws of humanity which the Hague picnics never contemplated would have provoked at

least remonstrance. Remonstrance there has been none. The battle between Right and Might must be fought out to a decision with no mortal arbitrator. So long as the blood of their sons shed in a just cause on these many scattered fields calls for vengeance, confidently looking to the end, the Allies will not ask for peace. When they come to dictate it, the conditions will be of their sole choosing. They cannot help if it is canvassed idly by those whom it does not concern.

The Outlook.

### A LONELY SUBALTERN.

I adjusted my puttee carefully, slid back into my chair, and forced a smile. Then I caught sight of myself in a mirror and ceased smiling.

"I don't understand it," I said. "Before the War, Daphne, just before, you almost led me to believe I had a chance. Twice I was on the verge of proposing."

Daphne looked interested. "When was that?" she asked.

"At the Somers' dance. The first time my nerve gave way. The second time something stuck in my throat."

"Oh, was it at supper?"

"Not at all," I replied shortly. "It was the words that stuck in my throat."

Daphne played with a cushion. "I'm awfully sorry, Dick."

"That may be," I replied coldly. "That may be, but it in no way eases the situation. Daphne, what is it?" I looked myself up and down. "Of course I'm a little bulky," I sighed.

"It isn't that."

"It can't be money," I said. "If my bank pass book is to be believed, I saved £4 9s. 3d. last month."

Daphne shook her head. "It isn't money."

I became cynical. "Perhaps if I were home wounded, instead of having been stuck in England all along, it——"

"Dick, don't be mean."

"Daphne," I said, "I am disappointed in you. At much personal discomfort I have proposed, and your refusal is unaccompanied by any reason." I rose and stood erect. "To-night Lonely Subaltern asks young lady to correspond."

"Oh, Dick, not really."

I waited for her to finish laughing.

"Buy to-morrow's *Times*," I replied.

Donning my cap I took a look round the room, obviously a last long look, turned to the right, saluted smartly, paused, then hurried out.

From Daphne's chair came sounds of either tears or laughter.

For a week I languished, and it was just as I was on the point of writing Daphne a firm note that her letter came.

"Dear Dick," she wrote, "when can you come to tea?"

I replied in person. I greeted her courteously but doubtfully, leaving it to her to explain the situation.

"Dick," she said, "have you had

many replies to your advertisement?"

"Advertisement? What—oh—er—yes, of course. No, I haven't had 'many.'"

"You haven't had any from a girl called Dora?"

"No, not exactly."

"Not exactly?"

"No; you see I didn't advertise after all."

"Didn't advertise?"

Daphne went very white, then red, and then white.

"Oh, heavens," she whispered.

I got up quickly. "Daphne," I said, "you are not well. Lean on me."

"I'm all right, thanks," she said faintly. "But, Dick, I really have done it."

"How?"

"Don't you see? I answered your advertisement in *The Times*—Lonely Subaltern."

"But I sent in no advertisement."

"Yes, but you told me you were going to."

"Well, I didn't do it."

"Then somebody else did."

"And you answered it?"

Daphne nodded.

"Thinking it was my advertisement?"

She nodded again.

"Daphne," I said, "this is a serious business—most serious. Has there been much correspondence?"

She gave a little laugh.

"Has there been much correspondence?" I repeated.

"Not very much from him," she said.

Punch.

"I've written a lot. He only sent two short notes typewritten, the last one saying he was soon off to the Front. Er—that's why I asked you to tea."

"Daphne," I inquired, "what did you write?"

Daphne hesitated. "Oh, a lot. You see I thought it was you, Dick," she said. "You signed yourself, 'Lonely Subaltern.'"

"You must please leave me out of this," I replied coldly.

"Well, what am I to do about it?"

There was a silence. Then, "I'll do it," I said.

"Do what?"

"Get you out of this mess," I replied. "There is only one explanation that can excuse you in this man's eyes for your apparent trifling with his affections. It is quite normal, Daphne, for a girl to keep two men in suspense while she's making up her mind. Very well, I am one; Lonely Subaltern is the other; and I am going to make it easy for you to explain why he may regard himself as no longer in suspense. *I am going to propose.*"

"Oh, Dick."

"It's your only chance."

There was an awkward pause in the dialogue, in which I swallowed convulsively. "Daphne," I began. "Daphne," I continued. "Daphne," I finished rather lamely.

I have made better proposals of course, but, considering the circumstances, I thought I did well. Anyhow the result was most encouraging.

### A NEW LEAF.

There is no desire of the human heart more instinctive than the desire for change—unless, indeed, it be the love of the habitual! How often we have all longed to break with the usual, and yet how we all dread it!

The effort destroys the sense of security which to some natures only the habitual can give; and yet all such breaks are connected with hope, even though they have a tragedy as their primary cause. A good many people

are prevented from what we may call making a break—if the expression be permissible in another sense than that of the billiard-room—by sheer laziness and indecision; with others it is not the necessity for decision and not the effort which make them hesitate. Their reason is far more subtle. If the "break" be a serious one, they cannot get rid of a sense that in making it they are tempting Providence, adding in some way to the menace of the future, facing the darkness which the blinds of habit so effectually screen out—gracelessly thrusting aside their merciful protection. In some odd way the *status quo* and the will of God become identified in their minds.

After a great deal of hard work—overwork we mean—the desire for a break overmasters all fear. Men desire not the three or four weeks' "change" which they can probably procure, but they startle themselves by instinctive wishes for something far more radical. Sometimes a momentary wish, almost amounting to craving, for a change of identity seizes upon them. The feeling comes suddenly, and they put it away hurriedly, as though it were a species of aberration. But, far short of such impossible longings, tired men do wish earnestly, if not continuously, to do some totally different work, to lead some totally different life from the one they are leading. We seldom believe men who say that they ardently wish for complete change of work. If a clerk in a Government office, or a doctor, or a stockbroker could really make us believe that he would rather be a fisherman, or a farm laborer, or a policeman, we should have serious doubts of his complete sanity. Is this a sort of aberration, or would they sometimes do well to make a great experiment? Many such men have now become soldiers, but it is not easy to say how much of the satisfaction which some

of them obviously feel in their new calling comes of a sense of duty fulfilled and how much is due to the great change. We wonder whether the hand-workers envy the brain-workers; whether, for instance, the laborer longs to be a clerk as ardently as the tired clerk sometimes longs to be a laborer.

Men who get up in the world are very happy indeed. But such a breach with custom as they make is not analogous to the one we are discussing. There is a sense in which it is easier to go up than down. The heights attract. In the one instance a man's wife will help him; in the other she will oppose him, and, if he insists, he will break her heart. In the past the custom of a lifetime was less coercive than it is now. It seems to have cost less to break with it. Men became hermits and monks; people in high positions grew tired out and left the world. Even the authority which is to so many men, perhaps to almost all normally constituted men, the desideratum suddenly palled, and they broke with their whole tradition, made even the greatest of all changes, and gave up their wills. How they fared afterwards history seldom relates. Did they long to go back through the door which they had closed behind them? Perhaps not so often as one might suppose. Men do not make such decisions till some spring in their mental and spiritual mechanism is broken, and such springs do not mend. No doubt the desire for a great change often operated in an opposite direction. Only a few men had the courage to make it and left religious houses to live in the world. Difficulties were, of course, put in their way, but we imagine those difficulties were never insuperable, or, rather, that the greatest difficulty of all arose, as a rule, from a man's own temperament. He could not make up his mind to leave a shelter which had become irksome.

Nowadays we are more given to compromise than our forefathers were. We assuage by frequent interludes our natural longings for a break. Indeed, this is the day of interludes. For the young and their teachers from one to three months a year, according to the amount of affluence enjoyed by the children's parents, is considered necessary; for other people from one week to two months would, we suppose, represent the amount of interlude which they respectively "cannot do without." Every genuine philanthropist must desire to see the shorter interludes increased, at any rate among those whose brain-power tends to become stultified by the monotonous strain of their work.

After the strain of sorrow or trouble of any description almost every one wishes to break with the past. We commonly say that they ought to get away from the perpetual reminder of their distress. But, strange as it may seem, even those who flee the scene of their trial do not altogether desire to forget sorrow. In a certain sense they want to guard its memory, but they long to get away from its accessories. These horrid accessories stand to sorrow as funerals stand to death. They secularize its dignity and destroy the proper proportions of grief. If they are allowed, as it were, to injure the soul of sorrow, they make its recollection not solemn but repulsive, deadening without curing its pain. The action of time sweeps them away, but often they are more quickly cleared from the recollection by a sudden break with the habitual than by awaiting the slower natural process. While youth lasts hope comes in like a flood in the face of a great change, and even when youth is gone it creeps almost unconsciously over the thirsty land of burning memories, and its grateful coolness makes itself felt even before its presence is completely realized.

The people who suffer from dulness only very seldom feel any acute wish to make a radical change in their manner of life. They would be surprised if they were told this; but how is it that they so seldom wrench themselves free? They are, of course, ill at ease, and they express their uncomfortable feelings in clamoring for something different; but if one thinks of the persons one has known who rehearse their sufferings from *ennui* and crave the cure of change, how very seldom they make a move for it. They are like children. They do not know what they want. We think that one reason why men who long for a "break" so seldom make one is, as we have already suggested, that their womenfolk oppose it. The number of men held back from emigration by their wives is in the lower classes extraordinary. Women have an intense love of the habitual, and we think the feeling that they are "tempting Providence" by taking their fate into their own hands (by the by, what an absurd expression that is!) is commoner among them than among men. To their minds there is some blessing called down by those who acquiesce in a life of repetition, some duty of obedience to be performed by letting things go on as they are. The notion lies at the root of an immense deal of unthinking conservatism, and the present writer believes that such Liberals as desire woman suffrage will be bitterly disappointed if ever they obtain the wish of their hearts. The reflection constitutes, we admit, no argument whatever against or for the suffrage.

Without doubt there is an immense deal to be said for the women's point of view. The way to amass what we call "tradition" is to refuse to wrench oneself free. The people whose ancestors have lived in one place, whose niche awaits them in the same church in which their grandfathers rest, who

have patiently remained where they were and faced the trials and shams and monotones of life without seeking relief, have got something we all respect and most of us envy, whether they have stuck to their cottage or their castle. The spirit of endurance is anyhow in a woman a finer thing than the spirit of adventure. All the same, there is a time for everything, and just now is clearly not the time to sit still. Will men settle into the old life when they come back from the war? Will the economic crisis not compel some, and serve as an excuse for others, to live in quite a different way, to do new work and pursue new ends? For some who would gladly break with their past the bonds of custom are strengthened by responsibility and cannot be broken. To go from great things to small among the lesser troubles and worries of life, some are chronic and some are acute. Among them there are those which can be treated or removed. A large number could be got rid of by a sudden exertion—the sort of sudden exertion which does not stop to untie the knots

of habit, which bursts all such bonds as are only sanctified by repetition. Old irritations and causes of discomfort go on and on, and if any man begins to be reminiscent, we hear him say: "I often wonder why we put up with it so long." Just at the present moment change is in the air—and so is courage. In the silence of life's sameness we hear a sudden whispering and rustling; it is the turning over of new leaves. Duty, poverty, caution, daring, are all suggesting to us that we should "make a break." If the war has taught us anything, it has surely taught us this—that we may distrust the security of the habitual. Though the curtains of habit disguise the darkness which the Eternal has decreed must envelop every future moment, the darkness is still there. Let those who long to break away draw aside the curtains and step out; the night air is sweet and refreshing after the enclosure and the false light. There may be as much good as harm awaiting us in the unknown. Let us put it to the test. We can but try.

The Spectator.

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### WHY THE WORKMAN ENLISTS.

Few things are more remarkable than the ignorance of many London newspapers with large circulations of the temper and opinion of the "working classes." Some of them appear to be written like the old "Pall Mall Gazette," "by gentlemen for gentlemen." Others, as Lord Salisbury said of the "Daily Mail," by office boys for office boys. But it is not only the newspapers which are at fault. The same criticism applies to thousands of well-meaning men and women who have suddenly been goaded into teaching the "working men" thrift, or the lessons of the war, or the meaning of

"national service." Their motives are beyond reproach. Their energy is altogether admirable. But they are lecturing a race which, until the war broke out, they had never taken the trouble to understand. And many of their lectures are subjects of mockery to that "other nation" of Disraeli's "two nations" into which England is divided; and, some of them, of resentment.

Take, for example, the normal recruiting appeal—and this is one where resentment exhibits itself far less than amazement, tinged with a little contempt. The "wares" of the average

recruiter consist of a tirade against Germany; of quotations (hideous enough) from the Bryce Report concerning almost unreadable outrages and atrocities in Belgium; finally, an appeal that Englishmen should fight in order that these things should not happen within the boundaries of England. Sometimes local color is added, and Oxford or Lincoln, or some east county village is described in terms of Louvain or Senlis, or some Belgian or French hamlet. And the "recruiter," after exhausting all the powers of his (or her) eloquence, and finding but a scanty response, is perplexed and bewildered and a little distracted, and goes off to write a letter in favor of conscription. What the "recruiter" does not realize is that when he begins to talk of the possibility of atrocities like Louvain or Senlis being performed within the island shores of England, the audience is immediately convinced that he is talking nonsense. That audience *knows* that such things are not likely to happen in England. It *knows* that no foreign invasion is possible in England. It knows that the seas have been set round England for ever to guard our shores, and that the Fleet is, as it always has been, the "sure shield" of England's homes. No appeals to reason, no maps or diagrams of proportion of Navies, no affirmation of altered conditions, no Naval Leagues, no Naval panics, nor even Zeppelins and bombardments, have made a great difference to this fundamental instinct. You may prove the possibility of invasion to-day. You may prove the certainty of invasion to-morrow. You may demonstrate that if Germany won on the Continent, she would possess the hegemony (blessed word!) of Europe. All these pass by and leave unshaken a conviction which is based on instinct, not on reason; on inherited instinct of generation behind generation for nearly a thousand years. If

Germany took Calais, Dunkirk, all the French coast; if she secured an Empire from Petrograd to the Pyrenees, from Moscow to Medina, you would be faced with the same conviction—that the Fleet, and the sea on which it rides, will together keep England secure. The contempt for "foreigners" at sea has indeed almost risen to arrogance. It is certainly a contempt far beyond which the bluest water expert would endorse. But it is real, and nothing can shake it. "Jarmens!" remarked the local policeman of a seaside village to the present writer a few months before the war, "Reckon our fishing fleet could settle them Jarmens."

Undoubtedly, if explanation be sought for, it is one of the profound inherited instincts of the island race, passed on from generation to generation, maintained by the continuance through each generation of immunity, but stimulated from time to time by the utter destruction of all who have attempted an exploit which it is thought God Himself has willed impossible; exploits associated with the resounding names of Nelson and Collingwood, of Hawke, Howe, Rodney, Blake, till we reach back to the Armada itself, Drake, Hawkins, Howard, and the commemoration, in immortal verse, of a belief as deep as the belief in the existence of God:—

"This fortress built by Nature for herself

Against infection and the hand of war;

This precious stone, set in a silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house  
Against the envy of less happier lands."

This conviction may be entirely wrong, as may be also a belief in God. It is not the object of this article to defend the one or the other. The object is in part to show that it is there, and in consequence of its being there,

much "recruiting talk" seems to the audience nonsense, and that its presence may render all the more astonishing the immense voluntary efforts put forth by this country for Continental warfare. For these have been put forth with none of the experience which is part of the inherited memories of "less happier lands"—invasion, burning towns, utter destruction, outrage unspeakable. Pitt could raise no European Army at all worth the name. His successors could only satisfy Wellington's threats and piteous supplications with twenty or thirty thousand press-ganged and often drunken ruffians, whom he himself described as "the scum of the earth." The Crimea was a matter of a few score thousand. To-day, we have anything up to three millions for service oversea—volunteers. But for this absolute confidence in the sea and the ships of England, you could not have recruited three hundred thousand. If the able-bodied men of a Norfolk village, for example, had really believed that the Germans might fall on that village in their absence, and effect there the atrocities of which they have heard tell in the villages of Belgium, the last thing they would be doing would be volunteering for service in Flanders or the Persian Gulf or the Gallipoli peninsula. They would be waiting to defend—with-lacking other instruments—scythes and old flintlocks their own cottage homes. As it is, they go with comfort, knowing that "Britannia rules the waves, and that their fishing fleet could settle the Jarmens."

What, again, would happen if a raid proved successful and some scores of thousands of "Jarmens" were flung on our coasts, is a matter for conjecture. The first emotion would be that of astonishment at the utter falling to pieces of a world. The second would be a motion towards, and not away from, the invaders. With axes and

hammers, spades and shovels, in ever-increasing numbers, the working people of England, dropping work and filled with a furious anger, as if something sacred had been smashed before their eyes, would "make for" the scene of invasion. They would be slaughtered in thousands, even if they were ever permitted to arrive at the place of conflict. But not one of those scores of thousands of invaders would ever leave this country alive.

What then, it may be asked, if not defence of hearth and home has driven three millions of the flower of British manhood to enlist for service abroad? It would be extraordinarily interesting to obtain an answer from (say) a sample fifty or a hundred thousand. The present writer is certain that fear of German invasion would not count for more than 5 per cent. of them. It is doubtful if the so-called "pressure" of voluntarism would account for more than another 5 per cent. Vocal in London and useful in newspaper controversy, it has scarcely counted amongst the great massed sections of population which make up the bulk of the new Armies. Try to put the "white feather" pressure, for example, on a Yorkshireman, and you will make him ten times more determined not to go than before that pressure was applied. There are, of course, a dozen motives, and many of them mixed, in the same individual: Love of adventure, desire to be a hero, desire to go because all are going, determination to avenge a friend, and hatred of Germany and the Germans. But far the strongest of all—one which ranks equal to all the rest put together—is Belgium. Belgium has caught that idealistic imagination of the working people of England, which makes them, behind all strikes and so-called drunkenness and seeming indifference, the most conspicuous race of dogged idealists which exists in the world. That idealism was

shown in their steadfast devotion to the North in the American Civil War, and enabled them to starve and suffer—knowing that they were starving and suffering in order that the slave might be made free. It was shown in their adherence to the cause of Italy in the mid-nineteenth century; and if King Albert came to England to-day he would receive from them a reception only paralleled by the reception they gave Garibaldi in the 'sixties. It was shown in their response to Gladstone's appeal for murdered and outraged Bulgarians a few years later, and revealed at the polls, when, after Gladstone had been branded as a madman by London Society, Whig and Tory alike, the elections swept all Gladstone's enemies into the abyss and placed him in the position of dictator of these islands. And it is shown to-day in working-class England, in its fury at the treatment of a small peace-loving State by a great military Power; and its determination, not only resolute but utterly unbreakable, that vengeance shall be exacted, and full reparation ensured. A Government which did not place first on its articles of peace—when peace comes—restoration of the complete independence of Belgium, and exaction of full indemnity from Germany for all the evil things done there, as well for loss of life as loss of property—would not live for a week. And the British Volunteers would fight on for five years or for ten, until that restoration and reparation were accomplished.

Never, indeed, did any criminal act bring so swiftly its own punishment as the "wrong" which the Chancellor confessed before the Reichstag, but which he seemed to think would speedily pass forgotten in the clamor of world war. It has made America, if not pro-Ally, at least anti-German. It is not love of England, or even of France, which has made at least 80

per cent of non-German descent in the United States firmly anti-German, firmly determined that even quarrels about blockade or seemingly high-handed action on the sea shall not place them on the side of these who committed this gigantic international crime. Every township and remote village in America is collecting funds for the Belgian Relief Fund. Throughout England the workers in great works, coal, and cotton, and steel, are voluntarily deducting from wages week by week for funds to assist Belgium. The "recruiters" have a sound instinct when they read and recount German atrocities in Belgium, and it would be sufficient for their purpose if they stopped there. Hundreds if not thousands of "pro-Boers"—many of prominence and distinction—have flung themselves into the Armies, with the same energy as fifteen years ago they fought Imperialism here at home—just because they are willing to give their lives to the cause of an outraged little nation in her darkest need.

The situation is, indeed, changing. A year ago the question was asked of Germany, to which no answer could be returned: "What are you doing in Belgium?" To-day, in face of the Bryce Report and similar evidence, the question has a grimmer note: "What have you done in Belgium?" Next year the inquiry may be, in the Providence of God and with the united effort of the Allies' destructive forces, of a nation whose adult efficient manhood is being slowly destroyed: "What are you going to do for Belgium?" No statement evoked greater cheers at the Trade Union Congress than that of the President asserting "our determination that their once fair land shall be restored to the people of Belgium before we agree to lay down the sword."

So crimes of men and nations bring their punishment; and, in sight of

such punishment, men still believe in God. Germany would be almost inviolable to-day had she left this little people alone. To-day, in the main because of this crime and to avenge it, three million volunteers are training to fight or fighting against her from the British Isles; and the whole Empire and nation with united voice is approving of their action. The sudden ruin and destruction of a race who only desired to be left alone, working with ant-like industry, to store little dues of wheat and wine and oil, the defiance of Belgium, in face of immediate slaughter and outrage, the determination that no sufferings can break, the faith in an ultimate triumph of righteousness; these have affected not only Europe but the whole civilized world; while the miserable explanations of the German Chancellor—with Belgium tied round his neck like the albatross round the neck of the Ancient Mariner—will ensure him an immortality for this one deed and saying; as also immortality is secured for a race which suddenly could rise from its stooping over field and factory, and declare, in the ringing challenge of the Minister at Berlin to von Jagow

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when the hateful proposition was placed before him: "Nations, like men, cannot live without honor." "To the whole Belgian race," cried the preacher in *Notre Dame de Paris*, on the Feast Day of the King of the Belgians, "to the whole Belgian race, honor and blessing for ever and ever." And in the peaceful days to come, when prosperity is restored in that little land and normal life begins, the dominant feeling of the stranger as he approaches its shores will no longer be, as heretofore, the art treasure of old cities, the immense labor of its working peoples, the pleasures of Brussels or Ostend—it will be something of the wonder and reverence also of one who saw a bush which burned with fire, and a bush which yet was not consumed; and the spirit behind the command "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet: for the place whereon thou standest is Holy Ground."

And it is some such feelings as these—inarticulate for the most part, but no less real—which have driven the working classes of this country into the most wonderful Volunteer Army the world has ever seen.

C. F. G. Masterman.

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## RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND THE WAR.

The war seems to have brought a stimulus to Russian literature similar to that experienced in England. The booksellers' shops overflow with new books and there is always a lively crowd picking and choosing. On the whole, however, nothing striking has been produced during the year of the war, no book that has appeared stands out attracting universal attention. It is the quantity rather than the quality that calls for comment. Almost every one who has given a lecture on the war seems to have printed it in pam-

phlet form, and the reader can choose from scores of little books. More than half of these interpret or affirm the religious nature of the war, the opposition of Russian tenderness to German blood and iron, the essential Christianity embodied in the Russian Idea. One finds people of all ranks interested in the religious idealism of the war.

The most curious product of the war-period is the collections of war stories, five or six of which are contributed to by leading tale-writers and novelists. The Russian novelists, excepting

Ampheteatrof, who is acting as Italian correspondent of the *Russian Word*, have not taken to journalism as have so many of their English confrères, and they all seem to be engaged calmly in their artistic work. But Kuprin, Kuzmin, Sologub have all produced interesting war stories. Perhaps the best collection is the "Lukomorie Sbornik," where in a remarkable passage in one of the stories a Russian gives his verdict on the war—In years to come people will say that this was a bad war, but I who have just come back from the war tell you that it is a good war, that it brings out good things in people.

Maxim Gorky has published two books, "Childhood" and "In Russia." The autobiographical volume must have been written by Gorky whilst he was abroad, since it appeared serially in the *Russian Word* before he returned to Russia. So the other volume is the first written by him under the fresh influence of seeing Russia. Unfortunately for the reader it is hardly representative of Gorky's new life. It is a book of powerful realistic sketches done in his old manner—but they say nothing of the new Russia and Gorky's passion to have her more Western. Directly he came to Russia he plunged into controversy by writing against Dostoeffsky and Dostoeffsky's Russia. His new volume has been, however, the most read book this summer. The two representatives of the bourgeois, the lowest type of reading public in Russia, still continue to be popular, the novelist Artsibashev and the poet Severanin. The only volume of poems to achieve four editions during the year is Severanin's "Victoria Regia," where fun is made of the war and the poet says that war is for the warlike but not for him.

It does not mean to be a traitor  
To be joyful and young,  
Not torturing prisoners

Nor hurrying into the shrapnel smoke,  
To go to the theatre or the cinematograph,  
To write verses, buy myself a mirror,  
Or to put many sweet and gentle things  
In a letter to my sweetheart.

As a contrast to this cheerful flippancy there is the selection of beautiful poems from Alexander Blok, entitled "Russia."

Probably several important books are being held over till after the war. The most remarkable book of the last few years, Florensky's "Pillar and Foundation of Truth," reviewed in *The Times* last year, has gone out of print, and second-hand copies cost from five to six times the original price. The flood of translated work continues, but includes very little from the German. There has not been the same interest in Bernhardi and Treitschke and Nietzsche as in England. Nietzsche, in any case, is an old favorite in Russia. But many things have come over from the English, favorites being Locke's "Idols" and Conrad's "Secret Agent." W. T. Stead's biography of Mme. Novikoff has appeared in translation in a cheap edition, and it seems amusing that that important work should be more accessible in Russia than in England. H. G. Wells's "War against War" is being much read, and also a pamphlet entitled "Can Germany Win?" written by an American.

On the whole, Russia has no clear picture of England during the war. It is extremely difficult for a Russian to obtain a true notion of our passion. Little comes through to the newspapers except bare facts. One of the Moscow papers publishes interesting articles, but they are from the extreme Radical and secularist point of view. No book has yet appeared on the spirit of England and the war. There are probably one or two books such as "Ordeal by Battle" or "The Soul of

the War," that might well be translated into the Russian tongue. Russia needs to feel that the influence of England is not merely a commercial or secularizing or materialistic influence. There are plenty of echoes of English newspapers in Russia, but it is very doubtful whether Russia realizes the spirit of the English young man of

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to-day, of the earnest Englishman who volunteers to fight this war. As yet, however, struggles the twelfth hour of the night; the question every one asks is: "What will be afterwards? In Russia? In Europe?" Something quite new every one believes—in literature as in life.

Stephen Graham.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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"The Story of Canada Blackie" by Anne P. L. Field (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is not a fiction, as the hasty reader might imagine, but a story of real life—and life under the most painful conditions; the story of a desperate and dangerous criminal who, after years of solitary confinement and strenuous discipline after the old order of things, was made over, in heart and purpose, by more humane treatment and the touch of human sympathy in the administration of the prison. Very largely, the story is told in the convict's own letters, some of them written to Warden Thomas Mott Osborne, to whom chiefly the transformation of the man's character was due; some of them to Donald Lowrie, whose books on life in and out of prison are so appealing; and some to a kind-hearted and sympathetic woman—is it perhaps she who has put the story together?—whom the convict grew to think of as a second mother, and to address by that name. The little book may be read in an hour, but it makes a lasting impression on the mind; and it may well serve as a tract for the spread of the wiser and better methods of prison government with which the name of Warden Osborne is associated.

If one accept the picture offered in Ida Clyde Clarke's "Record No. 33," the Kentucky of Miss Murfree has van-

ished as completely as the land of Topsy and Little Eva, and a village of the dark and bloody ground may harbor nothing more murderous than a hunter of reputations as keen-scented as the hounds of a New England sewing-circle. The tale of their hunt, of the things which they did not find and of the good luck which they brought to the simple, kindly heroine, is a happily conceived piece of extravagance. The hero and heroine, both children of old Louisiana, are brought together by a "talking-machine" of which the name is carefully suppressed, and after some agreeably exciting adventures each is left with something better than a talking-machine, however instructive, for a companion. The book has four illustrations by Stockton Mulford, and is dedicated to the author's two sons, of whose tender love and steadfast faith she speaks prettily in the dedication. D. Appleton & Co.

The war-drum throbs no longer for Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim and the spy rests in peace. His newest book, "The Way of these Women," is a murder mystery of the blackest dye, with suspicion falling upon everybody, in the good old way, but its greatest stroke of art is that the reader is actually forced to approve of the hero when he behaves in a fashion utterly devoid of romance, and closes the story with a

piece of cheerful, self-contented banality. Life is like that, as the French authors and dramatists are wont to remark, but has any other English-writing novelist chosen to see "two sorts of happiness" in the case set by Mr. Oppenheim? Is not the hero who wilfully weds the wrong girl bound to come to grief? "*The Way of these Women*" leaves everybody pleasantly comfortable or dead and should satisfy the most exacting. Even the auction bridge lunatic will find in it certain remarks wherewith he may smite his enemy when needful. And Ententes of all kinds may be forgotten for a little space while one watches the lovely actress heroine. Little, Brown, & Co.

The hero of Bell Elliott Palmer's "*The Single Code Girl*" is one of those men whom the tender-hearted Thomas Hood attempted to turn from their evil ways by giving them "*The Bridge of Sighs*," to read, but it is not often that his melodious verse very deeply affects the sisters of the poor creature who drowned herself to escape from her own memory. They do not quarrel with her views on eschatology, but are quietly indifferent to the fate of a woman who has loved "so blindly," and Hood and Burns and Pope may sing their sweetest without shaking the conviction which they hold, "because," as they lucidly say, "*The Single Code Girl*," although its argument is naught, is a very good exposition of the way of a man with a maid, indeed with seven maids. It is prettily bound, with a colored frontispiece, representing its heroine carrying an armful of roses, herself the fairest flower of all. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

An autobiography is necessarily egotistic, but the assumed egotism of the anonymous novel "*Me*," published by the Century Company, is amazing. The author permits the heroine to dance

gayly around the chasm of an infraction of the seventh commandment, without perceiving herself to differ from Susanna or Godiva, and to be finally cured of practising this pleasing diversion by the discovery that her partner in it, for whom she has rejected three far better men, is correspondent in a rare network of divorces. The novel was written in the quiet of a hospital whether the author went to undergo an operation, and its production and revision occupied exactly four weeks, according to the brief introduction with which Miss Jean Webster prefaces it. It shows acquaintance with the temptations of working women of many classes, and also with the impositions to which they are subjected by unscrupulous men, intent upon obtaining their services without adequate payment, and it is good for the easy-going reader to contemplate the case of such a girl.

The practical purpose of "*The Nutrition of a Household*" by Edwin Tenney Brewster and Lilian Brewster (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is well defined in the motto on the jacket "Better food at lower cost." The authors—husband and wife—who have prepared the book out of their joint experience in housekeeping and householding problems, frankly affirm in their preface that the book contains nothing new, but that they have merely "set down so much of the modern theory of animal nutrition as they have themselves found it practically convenient to know." But they have done this with such good sense, and with so many accurate statements of food values, which are not less useful for being sometimes humorously or whimsically put, that the little volume will find itself on many kitchen shelves by the side of cook-books and household manuals. An appendix furnishes authoritative tabular statements of food requirements and values.